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Christmas Book Recommendations

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

VOL. 13 DECEMBER 1980 NO. 12

George Gilder: The Entrepreneurial Future

Karl O'Lessker: The Reagan Budget

Malcolm Muggeridge, Delba Winthrop
Solzhenitsyn Reconsidered

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A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• October 1 to November 6 and Ron won! The man who has been a conservative presidential contender since 1968 finally prevailed, and he has moved every area of American government toward the conservative middle. Only the ideologized bureaucracy and judiciary remain aloof from the debauch. Throughout polite society there is fear. Are the 1960s undone and sepulchered? Is nothing to be done? Hope springs heroic. The call for impeachment has already been uttered. It was intoned on National Public Radio on the evening of November 5 by a typical NPR customer. Once again the disloyal opposition will torture democracy for the cause of progress and despite the thunderous *vox populi* heard November 4.

• It was a historic election. An entire elite in politics and the media had clearly lost touch with the people. They missed the portents of the election completely, smugly expecting as is their custom that the *popolo minuto* would dutifully continue to tolerate the intolerable. The most colossally deluded of all was the scamp in the White House, the hollowest man to reside there from time out of memory.

• He came to Washington believing in nothing but the magic of his star. Then, when he latched on to a set of beliefs, it transpired that the poor fish grabbed the wrong beliefs, to wit the refuted and irrelevant dogmas of 1960s McGovernism. Calamities abroad exposed his McGovernite nostrums of gentle persuasion and unilateral disarmament for the piffles that they were, but Jimmy stayed with them. Events at home revealed the politics of symbolism and melodrama as moonshine, but Jimmy continued to sing of the lowly black, the lowly woman, the young, and the poor. If it were not for a creeping realism in the Congress, more damage might have been done. Still while Jimmy performed in his clodhoppers, his blue jeans, his cardigan sweaters; and while he carried on like a slob mesmerist ministering to a congregation of backwoods slope heads, the Republic was badly damaged. President Reagan is faced with an enormous job, and we hope that the foreign policy ideas propounded in our November issue and the economic ideas propounded this month by Tom Bethell and Karl O'Lessker will be useful. One other thing ought to help; the Whigs' hour has come, and for the first time in years the talent is with them rather than the ritualistic Left.

• In Chicago, Illinois, consumerists are anxiously awaiting the sentencing of activist Lola Chambers, the forty-nine-year-old Romeoville, Illinois woman who was filed away in the local calaboose for larcenous demonstration. Mrs. Chambers, miffed that S.A. Peck & Co. would not make restitution on a year-old jewel that had disappeared from her ring, put the arm on a seven-thousand dollar substitute in the Peck showroom, inserted it into her mouth, and refused to return it, pending a meeting with the company's "top man." Unfortunately, en route to her meeting the stone became lost somewhere within the vast reaches of the aforementioned vault and not even x-rays could reveal its whereabouts. Hence poor Mrs. Chambers, now a convicted thief, awaits a judge's excogitations. Medical authorities in Birmingham, Alabama, are now attributing that wave of nausea and fainting that caused an ill-timed stampede in a bus packed with forty members of the Carver High School band to "epidemic hysteria," a bizarre phenomenon that has led to the tragic soiling of so many high school band uniforms in recent years. In London, England, a labor dispute at the Long Grove mental institution forced thirty-seven patients to take their morning meal in the cheerless presence of a fresh corpse, for the dispute left no night porters available to carry it off, and nurses would only take it as far as the dining hall. "Disgraceful," is the way a union organizer described the affair, but hospital authorities could point with pride to the many small acts of kindness shown the corpse by breakfasting patients, some of whom were found gamely attempting to converse and condole with the deceased.

• The trial of Mrs. Mao Tse-tung was again deferred when the late poet's wife refused to confess her crimes. Mrs. Mao, who stands accused of various indiscretions allegedly perpetrated during the "Cultural Revolution," is quoted as stating that her famous husband will put aside all projects now occupying his time and "leave heaven" to testify on her behalf. Law enforcement officials have yet to apprehend or even identify the shadowy architect of that fake "Little Miss USA" contest who conned the parents of a dozen or so young girls into sending $75 to a Georgia Post Office Box and then travelling to scenic Andover, Massachusetts for the big event—another shocking display of the cavalier way police treat white-collar crime in America. From Pennsylvania comes an authoritative report by the state Welfare Department that psychiatrists at one of the state's booming mental hospitals suffer from "serious mental illness" due to "inadequate salaries." According to the Department, the sick shrinks will not be fully recovered until all are making at least $60,000 per year.

• In an attempt to "bring peace as God's representative," Mr. John Kaczor of Union, New Jersey forsook such traditional modes of transportation as the Biblical donkey, and roared up Capitol Hill in a flaming truck, which he tried to ram into the House of Representatives. On October 7 the Hon. John W. Jenrette, Jr. was found guilty of ABSCAM-related misdeeds, and on October 30 the Hon. Harrison A. Williams, Jr. was indicted on conspiracy, bribery, the usual congressional charges. The National Football League continues to make a mockery of family life in America. This time it is Mr. Clarence Williams of Roanoke, Virginia, who is charged with committing mayhem in his home during a televised NFL contest. So absorbed by the NFL games did Mr. Williams become that for two full days he totally ignored his family for the glowing excitement of the boob tube despite the fact that his wife in her anxiety was repeatedly stabbing him with a small screwdriver. Finally the fiend inexplicably leapt from his chair and shot Mrs. Williams in the leg.

• Mr. Alexei N. Kosygin was forced by ill health to step down as Soviet premier. In recent years the seventy-six-year-old Russian pol suffered from a string of heart attacks and from the inability to hold his water, a frailty that was causing increasing hardship for the aged members of the Politburo who in meetings are always tightly packed together for photographing purposes and who are not as agile as in the old days. In Los Angeles, California, Robert Rosenberg, anticipating an affectionate kiss from Miss Diane Carasso, leaned forward toward her puckered lips and promptly had two inches of his tongue bitten off. Mr. Gerald Svendsen, a zoologist at Ohio University, has laid that rash of Bigfoot sightings in Ohio to "some weirdo psychology," and Mr. Keith Rose of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has been charged with raping five female employees of a local brothel. He is also charged with making off with $1,035 worth of their jewelry and $650 of their hard-earned cash.

• Toxic shock claimed its fortieth victim since 1975. In Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, Sheriff John Snyder has declared it "one of those practical jokes that really backfired," in speaking of a 12-foot long missile constructed of oil drums and painted to look like a Soviet missile. Two local pranksters put the thing in a neighbor's yard causing the frightened man to collapse and be rushed to the hospital where at last reports he was in critical condition. Mr. Richard Healy, an opposition member of the Australian parliament, has excoriated the government for providing "French-type underwear" to transvestites in a Sydney jail, when they complained of the poor quality of women's panties provided by the government. And there is also good news, to wit: Mr. Suleiman Ahmed Fathalla, a Libyan diplomat, was mugged by a right-thinking assailant in Manhattan—up with people!

—RET

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EDITORIAL

BIBO ERGO SUM

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Alexander the Great is back in the news, and unlike so many of the notables mentioned there, the late Macedonian politico owes his current celebrity not to the artistry of clever public relations hacks, but to his own audacity and to the persevering scholarship of Prof. John Maxwell O'Brien. Writing in the current issue of *Annals of Scholarship,* O'Brien has revealed that Alexander, the youthful conquerer of the ancient world, was, like it or lump it, a common drunk.

The revelations have stirred an enormous controversy. Scholars of the period are in a stew. Americans of Macedonian descent are irritable. And then there are those members of the children's rights movement who had hoped to bring the drinking age down to conform with the voting age where such disparity still exists. After all, if an 18-year-old is old enough to vote, he ought to be allowed the tools to make a sound choice. Finally, there is the budding alcoholics' rights movement. Surely it does these reformers no good for some professor to be linking booze to the kind of antisocial behavior that characterized the late Macedonian's brief, albeit epic, career.

Yet, you can be sure that O'Brien's researches brought rejoicing on Capitol Hill. There alcoholism has been spoiling a lot of fun lately, and many a matutinal hangover must have been relieved when word spread that bibulosity has been the occupational hazard of statesmen going back to the fourth century B.C. How I would like to have heard the learned conversations in the Senate Cloakroom as the solons speculated on the role internal lotions have played in history.

Ever since the news of Alexander's guzzling got out, a surprising number of pols have stepped forward to testify to their own struggles with the hooch. Apparently alcoholism is a danger that every statesman must court in pursuing the people's business, and many seem convinced that their struggles against the jug lend romance to the legend that they present to a spellbound electorate on Election Day. Alcoholism adds a human touch to their otherwise superhuman lives. Moreover, in an age when all sorts of unfortunate circumstances supposedly free us from personal responsibility for our rascality, booze, it appears, is seen as a plausible alibi on Capitol Hill.

In the past few weeks, no fewer than three congressmen have claimed strong drink as their excuse for lapses in bribery, conspiracy, and pederasty. What is more, there is a host of other contrite scamps, men who promise to sin no more, running for high office in the land. In the case of some, their trashy pasts and tearful confessions actually seem to have given them an advantage over their less wayward opponents. These are great days, proving once again that, despite the received wisdom about America's puritanical political expectations, we really do not mind being represented by slobs.

Consider the three congressmen who have most recently sought exoneration on the grounds of alcoholism. Like college boys on the morning after a dozen beers and a costly joyride, these distinguished lawmakers are now seeking to excuse their actions on the grounds that they had taken aboard a little too much firewater. They ask that their constituents and fellow lawmakers let bygones be bygones. They want to retain their seats in the House. There they will continue the noble business of pork-barreling and distributing enough favors to their constituents to ensure reelection. This is modern American statecraft.

"I was intoxicated. I was drinking FBI bourbon," explained a petulant Michael ("Ozzie") Myers, Democrat from Pennsylvania. So too was the Hon. John W. Jenrette, Democrat of South Carolina. Both of these convicted boodlers were nabbed in the Abscam investigation. Then there is the most egregious of this bibulous trinity, the Hon. Robert Bauman, Republican from Maryland and a vociferous spokesman for traditional American values. Alcoholism is his excuse for soliciting sexual delights from a 16-year-old boy, an adventure suggesting that the Hon. Bauman shares more than one of Alexander's indulgences. As a prominent conservative, the Hon. Bauman has been fighting back the hedonistic hordes for years, and now it turns out he was juicing with them after hours. Today he wants to use their permissive ethic to exonerate himself; he is going to continue to campaign for reelection. "I will submit myself," he rather artlessly declares, "to the judgment of the citizens of my district." On what grounds does he expect his constituents to reelect him—a sympathy vote? Is this not asking rather a lot from voters to whom in the past he has pledged a higher standard of conduct than is regularly practiced by his opponents? Of these three rogues, Bauman is quite the most intolerable.

Adapted from RET's Monday column in the Washington Post.

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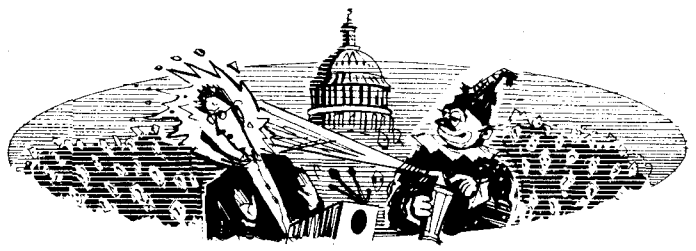
To offer sympathy to a wrongdoer s an act of common decency; to eturn him to the House of Repre-entatives is an act of frivolity bordering on the infantile. It is an indication of how far along we have come in releasing rogues from responsibility for their roguishness that they would even suggest drunkenness as their alibi. America has had enough soap opera in the halls of government. Return the melodrama to afternoon television, and return candidates like Myers, Jenrette, and Bauman to private life where I shall gladly buy them all a drink and watch the fun. □

C A P I T O L I D E A S



THE PASSING OF THE BUCK

by Tom Bethell

Whatever the next four years may bring, we all surely owe Governor Reagan an immediate and heartfelt round of applause for bringing to an end Jimmy's dismal reign of Wimpery & Peanuttery. Well done, Governor! And to Jimmy Carter we bid Godspeed, as he embarks on what I suspect may turn out to be a preaching mission to the Third World, where he will have ample opportunity to experience at first hand the high esteem in which our nation is now held as a result of his policy of apology and accommodation.

What of Reagan's prospects, as he begins to grapple with more problems and headaches than I would ever care to face? Reagan himself is undoubtedly a man of sound instincts. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that he has qualities of greatness rarely seen in the White House. Less reassuring is the caliber of the people who are clustering around him. Put more bluntly, just as Carter's great problem turned out to be his total docility in the face of capture by the determined forces of George McGovern, who were disappointed in 1972 but victorious by proxy in 1976, so Ronald Reagan may well walk into the Oval Office firmly surrounded by a squad of Jerry Ford leftovers eager to take up where they left off four years ago.

Reagan should be severely on his guard against these people, who do not fully share his vision of America. In some cases, their shining goal is merely to balance the budget by allowing taxes to rise. Others—non-readers of *The Congressional Record*—imagine that it will be possible to cut government spending without first putting pressure on the spenders by cutting taxes. If, in the realm of domestic policy, we see nothing more imaginative than the trust that a repudiation of tax cuts will permit revenues to catch up with spending, then inflation will soar and Ted Kennedy or another of the left-wing Democrats will be on the presidential reviewing stand in January 1985.

Reagan and his problematical Fordites aside, now may well be the time to undertake a brief diagnosis of the state of the nation. What are the most serious problems facing the Reagan Administration? (Here I confess to a tiny suspicion in the corner of my mind that it might have been more enjoyable to watch Carter continue to grapple with them. The presidency today has all the meteorological force of a weather vane, and so one fears that Reagan really won't be able to do a great deal with the elements.)

The first of these problems is often said to be the decline in our national defenses. But I wonder if this is really as serious as some imagine. In the first place, it seems to me that all those warhead and missile enumerations, comparative dollar/ruble expenditure totals, defense-as-percentage-of-GNP measures, and so on, mean very little, if anything. Perhaps more important, even if there is a growing imbalance in the Soviets' favor, there is absolutely no constituency in this country for blocking a remedy to the situation. As was shown in the Cold War years, most liberals can live with big defense spending.

The more serious danger, both in relation to the military and all other national problems, is the ever-growing habit of thinking of solutions in terms of additional dollar expenditures. It turns out that dollars provide us with a misleading, and often destructive, method of quantifying problems and their solutions. If we

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have a problem with the military it is almost certainly one of quality, not quantity; morale, not hardware. The near-treasonous infiltration of the military by radical feminists, abetted of course by some of Carter's clowns, is the kind of thing we should be worrying about rather than planning missile race tracks in Utah. (The latest issue of the *Public Interest* has a good article pointing out some of the demoralizing effects of women in combat.)

Turning now to fiscal matters, our most worrisome problem, as it seems to me, arises out of "the power of the purse" and the uses to which it is now put. In the bad old days, one may recall, rich politicians were regularly accused of buying votes. But at least they spent their own money. Today legislators can use the Treasury—that is, your money and mine—to buy the votes of their constituents by promising ever more of them ever enlarged transfer payments. As was demonstrated in ancient Rome, when half the population finds that it can live at the expense of the other half, the country is in serious trouble.

Such a state of affairs is reflected today in Congress, which trotted off in October to reelect itself without so much as completing one appropriations measure or half completing the budget process for the fiscal year (1981) which had already begun. As Thomas Ascik points out in an excellent analysis published recently by the Heritage Foundation, Congress this year has been delinquent in its duties to an extent unprecedented in the postwar era. Nevertheless you would have needed a flashlight to find anything other than perfunctory comment on this in our great newspapers, hypnotized as they have been by the presidential race, and unwilling as they are to imply any criticism of the agenda of redistribution which is the root cause of the fiscal breakdown on Capitol Hill.

Congress has used the word "uncontrollable" to describe many of its spending programs, a rhetorical flourish intended to beat off spending cuts by fiscal conservatives. Congress has now reaped the whirlwind. Federal spending really is quite seriously out of control, and we are looking next year at massive budget deficits and the subsequent alternative of a big new surge in inflation or very high interest rates and economic stagnation. The White House won't be able to do anything about the matter, for the simple reason that the White House doesn't have the power.

The basic problem is that congressmen now find that they can take away a small amount of money per capita from the millions and use the money to deliver a handsome prize to the thousands; that the millions won't notice what is happening but that the thousands will be duly appreciative on election day. On the other hand, the conscientious legislator who puts the good of the country first and votes against such redistributive schemes finds that the unappreciative millions will not counterbalance the irate "deprived" thousands. And for his pains he will be dubbed "uncompassionate" or "simplistic" or both by the nitwits of the press.

Legislation permitting an expropriation from the middle class to serve the alleged "needs" of minorities has been dubbed "special interest" legislation by Common Cause. One day Common Cause might actually oppose special interest legislation and abandon its tinkering with the campaign finance laws. Meanwhile the nation will stagnate—the inevitable outcome of egalitarian redistribution.

The great defect of income transfers is that they reduce economic life not merely to zero-sum, but actually to a minus-sum enterprise. Sizeable resources are wasted in the transfer, non-productive bureaucracies flourish, envy and resentment are inflamed, the recipients of welfare are demoralized, and the donors of it are discouraged from working harder. The government becomes universally distrusted, group is set warring against group, the individual begins to feel exposed: He too must join a collective if he is to survive. All this, at bottom, is caused by the destructive belief that dollars can march forward into the vanguard of the political economy, where they can be relied upon to push aside all of our problems, unabetted by effort and labor. The truth is that they will do no such thing. Money must be allowed to appear only at the end, never at the beginning of the chain of economic causation.

In the real world, the first phase of an economic sequence of events is the emergence of some quality of the human mind—whether it be hope or fear, faith or expectation. This mental prime mover in turn creates the incentive to work, which creates a job, which creates real wealth, which finally "pulls" into existence the monetary equivalent of that wealth. In today's political economy, however, so many jobs exist only courtesy of the prior appropriation of money earned by someone else—government jobs and CETA jobs are examples—that the chain of economic events has finally come to be perceived in reverse in many people's minds: Money creates a "job," which in turn permits labor to be done, which in turn supposedly will create new wealth.

Alas, it has been shown over and over again that the attempt to push wealth into existence with money results only in the destruction of old wealth: Countries that receive foreign aid become poorer than they were before, as do the donors of that aid; welfare recipients become impoverished by transfer payments, and soon become unable to get up on their hind legs to initiate effort. Federal dollars, raining down on inner city areas, "impact" (HUD's word) with about the same effect as high explosive bombs; and finally, the inheritors of great wealth often find that the money in their bank accounts precludes the growth of aspiration and the other spiritual qualities needed to create something. In fact they are condemned to lead lives of consumption, which is the first cousin of destruction.

This no doubt seems a roundabout and abstract way of putting the matter, but it is this back-to-front perception of the relationship between money and the well-ordered society that is the most serious problem facing the new Reagan Administration. Money cannot improve the morale of the military; it cannot, in its redistribution to the Third World make either foreigners wealthy or Americans admired; it cannot impinge upon the needs of the needy, or create jobs for the unemployed; it cannot revitalize dying industries, improve the quality of education, or reduce the rate of crime. To attempt to paper over these problems with money is not only to misdiagnose them; it is to exacerbate them, because the addition of money to these ingredients of defeat only works to stifle the appearance of those spiritual qualities that alone can bring improvement. □

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George Gilder

THE ENTREPRENEURIAL FUTURE

From Silicon Valley to tiny Cambex.

Most critics of capitalism now accept the crucial role of entrepreneurs in the earlier stages of the system. In their view, however, the nations of the West are now undergoing a vast and irreversible historic change. Driven by the imperatives of modern science and the growing scarcity and pollution of natural resources, capitalism is seen to be entering a new, "mature" phase. In this phase, so it is said, innovation and growth can be elicited only by large bureaucracies: corporations and government bodies, in various licentious but fruitful combinations, which leave no room for the individual inventors and investors of the past.

Financed more and more by their own cash flow and commercial paper, run by professional managers and technicians, largely beyond the control of stockholders or boards of directors, spreading their operations around the globe, modern corporations are seen as great multinational leviathans that require ever growing governmental power merely to keep them in line. The fabled entrepreneurs, cranky financiers, and small-scale inventors of early capitalism are regarded as a dying breed, unimportant in the new world economy, the new industrial state.

This is the essential position, propagated continually by John Kenneth Galbraith and his followers, and there is enough truth in it to disguise its essential falsity. Galbraith is right, for example, on the existence of a large commercial technostructure, somewhat divorced from the direct control of its owners. Modern corporations do have some sway over their own demands, are at least partly capable of fixing prices, and to some degree do give rise to countervailing powers and complementary services of government. Galbraith is also right that this sector of business, bestriding world markets and increasingly facing the subsidized competition of government firms abroad, is extraordinarily efficient and should not be broken up by the sweeping enforcement of antitrust laws against bigness itself. Galbraith's mistake is to follow Schumpeter—who knew better when he was a young economist rather than an aging Cassandra—in predicting the withering away of the entrepreneur. Galbraith, Schumpeter, and their many followers among world economists have mistakenly believed that the technostructure would inevitably expand its sway over the economy and be assimilated by government in a socialist future.

These analysts see that the large corporations of "the planning sector" tend to be more efficient and productive than the small ones of "the market sector." Thus they predict that the planning sector will eventually dominate the entire economy and merge with government in a socialist state. Many economists welcome this development as both inevitable and good, subjecting the immense productivity of the technostructure to social control and making possible the emergence of a less wasteful and anarchic system.

Such a prediction has been made by some eminent pundit every five years or so ever since the Industrial Revolution. But the theory springs from an error so simple and familiar that any schoolboy should be able to avoid it. The prophets of socialism are making static observations of dynamic phenomena. At any time in the history of a reasonably mature economy, the largest businesses will tend to be the most efficient. That's how they became large. They benefit from economies of scale and specialization. But only someone viewing the economy as a system of statistical quantities could imagine that size is the crucial fact about successful companies. That is like supposing that the crucial fact about professional football teams is huge stadiums filled with people yelling and drinking beer. The crucial aspects of big companies are not quantitative but qualitative: the nature of the product and the mode of manufacture and marketing.

In general, big companies have attained, in the jargon, a position near the top of their Kuznets curves: a place on the slowly rising upward slopes that follow the steep ascent of creative development in the slanted "s" (∾) of business evolution. Successful firms typically start slowly as they make their initial investments in a new product, then enter a period of very rapid growth as markets are developed and productive methods are perfected. Finally,

George Gilder is the author of Sexual Suicide *and* Visible Man, *among other works. This essay is adapted from* Wealth and Poverty, *to be published in January by Basic Books.*

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they reach a stage of routinized mass production. In any economy, only a relatively small number of large companies ever arrive at this final phase, looming over the national and world economies. These firms have found such efficient ways to make their product that few competitors can arise. Invariably they dominate their fields, which tend to be old markets for relatively routine products. Their great efficiency derives from many years of making the same thing and incrementally improving it and perfecting the means of producing and selling it.

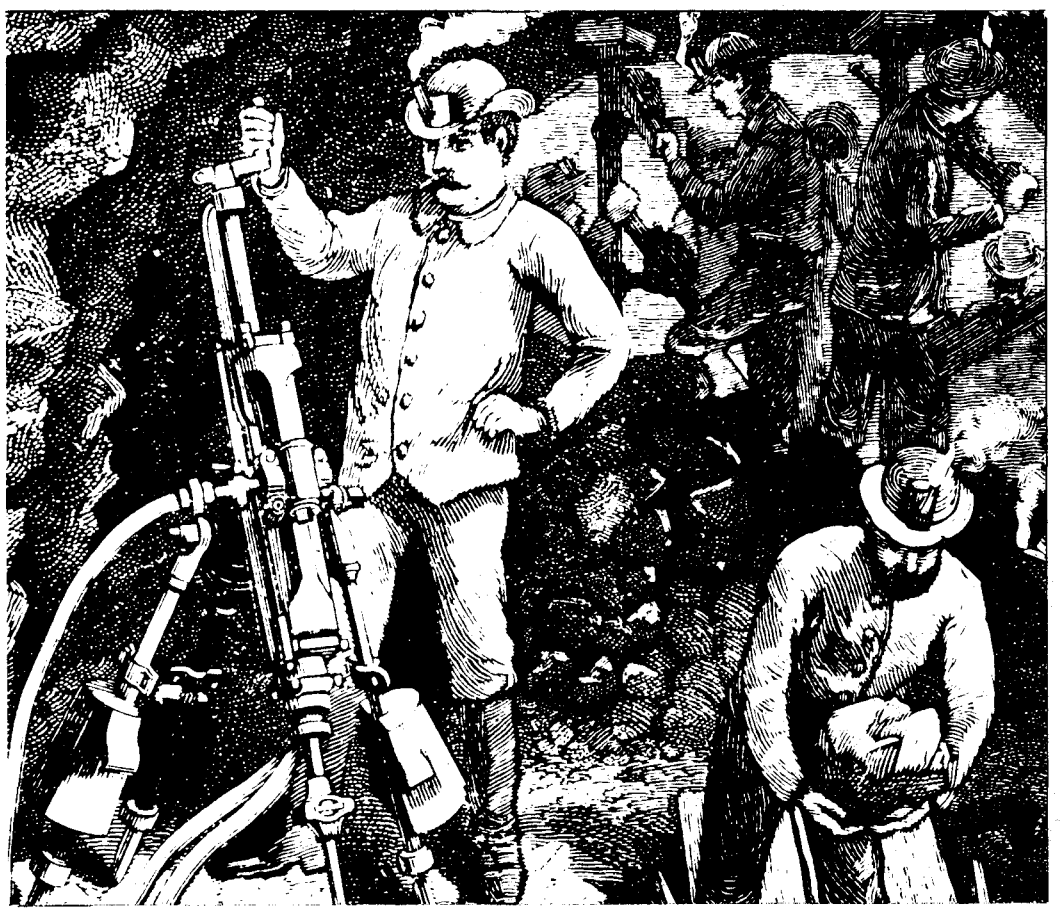
Such companies have become highly rigid and specialized, and in static terms, greatly productive. Many of them are now experiencing a new lease on life in the international realm. But from the point of view of overall economic growth and technological innovation, these leviathans are of little importance to the economy. They are efficient now only because they were dynamically inefficient and competitively aggressive during their earlier phases. To treat these companies as the epitome of a progressive economy and call for the launching of more of them is like urging the creation of a professoriat full of best-selling elder statesmen like John Kenneth Galbraith, rather than looking for hungry young economists of the sort represented by the tall young author of the little-noticed *Theory of Price Control* in 1952.

The Left is also misled in the assumption that the largest companies are increasing their dominance of the economy. Government tax policies have done their best to deter innovation and promote mergers, creating a capital blight in which smaller companies that were attempting to expand suffered most throughout the 1970s. Nonetheless, both the top 50 and the 200 largest manufacturers have failed to enlarge their share of nonfinancial assets or manufacturing shipments since 1937. Reports to the contrary chiefly reflect the growing foreign assets of these companies as they struggle with subsidized national corporations in the ever more competitive world arena. There is no evidence that the large companies are squeezing out small entrepreneurs. The number of annual small business starts has increased from 93,000 to 450,000 since 1950, without any long-run rise in the proportion of failures.

The root of the peculiar leftist perspective is not difficult to find. The prophets of a transition to socialism almost always seek the future by peering resolutely at the obsolescent. Just as Marx focused on industrial conditions that were already passing away at the time he wrote, the contemporary scholars focus on processes of production and organization that are rapidly undergoing change.

In analyzing the nature of modern technological progress, for example, they tend to neglect the most dynamic industries. They ignore the surge in informatics and telecommunications and the myriad new energy technologies. They pay little attention to the revolutionary developments in microbiology, the breakthroughs in the production of glass products, the innovations in copying, printing, and photography. The emergence of laser science, new diagnostic devices, and antiviral pharmacology plays no significant part in their theories.

Reading the industrial analysis of the Left, in fact, one might believe that miners, migrant workers, and assembly line laborers in textiles and steel were the exemplary figures in the future economy of capitalism. Galbraith even presents to our view as his prime example of new technology the launching in 1974 of "what is now called," as he says, "a new automobile!" The futuristic thesis of *The New Industrial State* is actually founded on Ford Motor Company's nearly last gasp with a gas-guzzling car, the Mustang, at a time when automotive markets were about to turn swiftly toward smaller and more efficient vehicles. Ford's laborious adjustments in its plant are relevant only as an essay on the sclerosis and stagnation of huge corporations. And for all the Mustang's sales success, it hardly foreshadows the future of the economy.



The theory of the Left applies chiefly to firms at the top of their S-curves of growth—the time when innovation dwindles and heavily bureaucratized companies seek minor new adaptations, packaging changes, and manufacturing efficiencies in order to wring the last gains of productivity from an essentially static industry that has already long passed its phase of "fast history." The American automotive industry had shaken itself down to three huge and immensely productive companies by the late 1930s, and neither rankings nor products have substantially changed since then. The big opportunity for a new breakthrough that arose in 1974 was not the Mustang, but the possibility of finding new ways to satisfy environmental standards. But the American companies left that chance to the Japanese and the Europeans. Instead of meeting the new requirements by developing new and better engines, the U.S. big three, under the shortsighted prodding of the Environmental Protection Agency, adopted the catalytic converter, which reduces some pollutants without requiring significant change in the engine itself.

It may be that this decision was inevitable. The auto companies had devoted themselves for so long to running the perfect industrial system for building and marketing a specific kind of automobile, based on internal combustion, that they were incapable of adapting to change. At the very pinnacle of productivity, they had lost all room to maneuver.

Burton Klein's brilliant book, *Dynamic Economics,* maintains that new developments almost never emerge from the leading companies in an industry. Even when a breakthrough is made at a large corporation (such as the transistor or photovoltaic solar cells invented at Bell Labs), the new item is usually launched commercially by smaller businesses, often started by breakaway teams of engineers and managers from the parent firm. Just as none of the carriage makers and buggy whip producers could create a salable automobile and the gaslight and candle businesses neglected the promise of electricity; just as new companies arose to dominate each of the new phases of aircraft

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and air-engine development; just as Kodak failed to pioneer the instant camera and the slide rule people at Keuffel and Esser succumbed without response to the hand-held calculator; just as IBM lagged behind other companies in adopting most major innovations in business machines, from copiers to word processors; and as even Texas Instruments finally became relatively rigid and uncreative in their microprocessor field, Ford and General Motors, whatever their marketing ability, could not be expected to jeopardize their established plant and equipment by radical changes in technology until other companies had proved them out. Indeed, it was a motorcycle company, Honda, that first created a car that could meet emission standards without a catalytic converter.

Klein shows that this pattern of leadership lag applied, in varying degrees, to all 50 of the key twentieth-century breakthroughs he studied. The very process of rationalization and bureaucracy by which a company becomes the most productive in an industry tends to render it less flexible and inventive. An exclusive preoccupation with statistical productivity—simple coefficients between inputs and outputs—can lead to a rigid, and in the long run, unproductive economy.

Nearly all of what Galbraith says about the nature of modern technology conflicts with our recent experience of it. While the professor chatted with Bob McNamara and Walter Murphy about the doings at Ford and GM, imagining himself to be right at the futuristic center of things in the "new industrial state," a real industrial revolution was, in fact, massively erupting behind his back. It happened in hundreds of smaller companies, led by men whom he had never met or heard of, and some of whom, stepping from university laboratories and scientific libraries into the vanguard of modern industry, had probably never even heard of him. These were the boffins, the callow geniuses of the semiconductor and microprocessor revolution, turning the world's most common matter, the substance of sand, into an incomparable resource of mind: A silicon chip the size of a fly, with computing powers thousands of times greater than a million monks adding and subtracting for millennia—an infinitesimal marvel that extends the reach of the human brain incomparably further than oil, steel, and machines had multiplied man's muscle in the industrial age.

There is no way to fathom the full potential of this technology, now in its Promethean infancy. In conjunction with other advances it is already transforming the world of work and forging at last the long-predicted age of computers, just as the steam engine and the railroads inaugurated the industrial age. It is possible to disparage this development and to deride its enthusiasts, to point to the inevitable problems and to fantasize chimerical threats of "dehumanizing" machines and Frankensteinian robots. But this technology, cooly considered, bears no such menace at all, while it offers, to nations that pursue its promise, gains quite incalculable, even by the machines themselves.

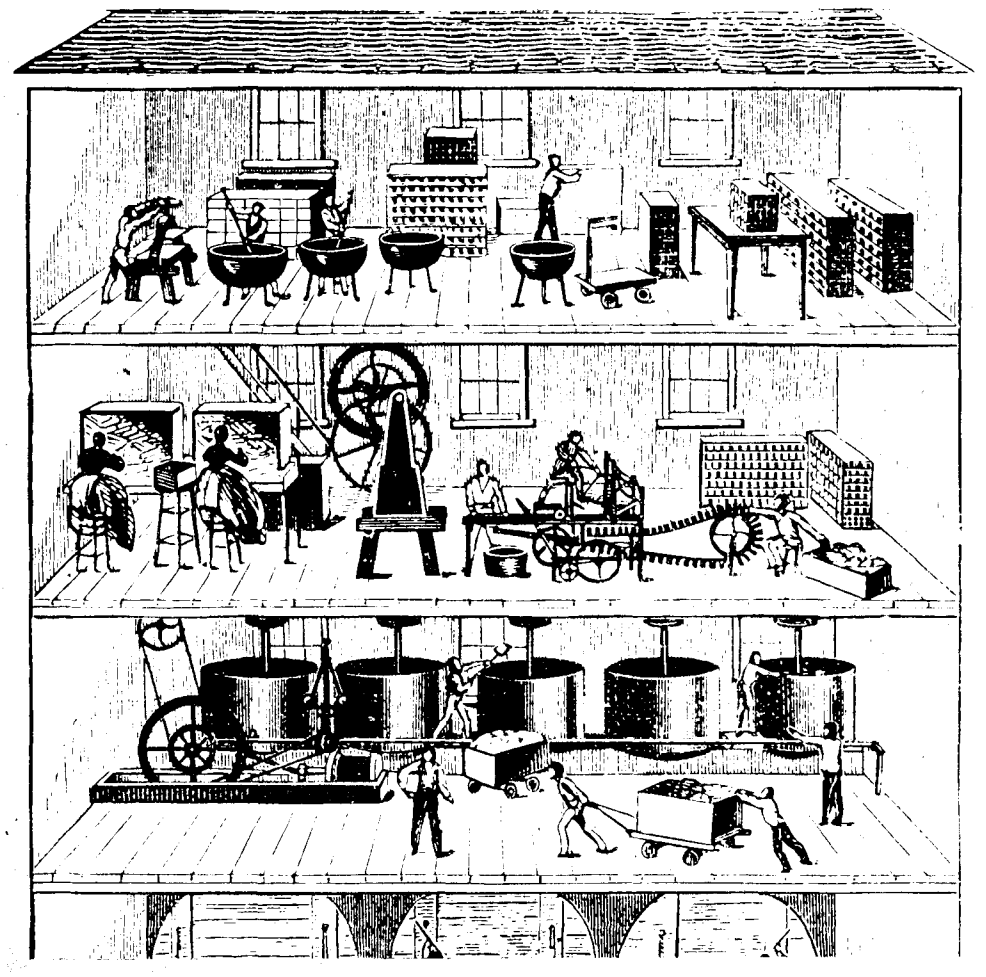
The microprocessor shares an explosive logic with certain crucial technologies of the past, those transforming inventions—the printing press, the clipper ship, the steam engine, the electric generator, the railroad, the automobile, and the telephone—that transfigure an economy and extend the dimensions of the world. Like these key technologies, the microprocessor does not operate within the confines of the existing industrial structure, but makes possible a new one.

Unlike nuclear energy or jet propulsion or, debatable, television, for example, the chip does not simply improve an existing capability or create a self-limiting industry. It creates radical new capabilities applicable in all industries, including its own, making possible a vast diffusion of applied knowledge and technical logic. It effects a simultaneous animation and miniaturization of machines, making them cheaper, more portable, flexible, adaptable, powerful, systematic, self-adjusting, dependable, laborsaving and energy efficient, and it multiplies and redistributes the means of production, possibly reducing the need to travel and restoring the home to its role as an industrial center. If small is beautiful, that mandate is fulfilled not chiefly in windmills and solar cells, but in California's vale of cubistic new factories across the bay from San Francisco—Santa Clara's Silicon Valley where worlds indeed unfold in grains of sand.

Anyone who predicts the technological future is sure soon to seem foolish. It springs from human creativity and thus inevitably consists of surprise. One can only point to the manifest powers and potentialities of a new development. Its applications will transpire in a complex interplay with other new or now undiscovered technologies, in ways that remain unfathomable. Perhaps the best reason for confidence in the future of the microprocessor is that it is, in a sense, a "breeder reactor," creating its own fuel of knowledge. It is not only a product but also a producer of science; not only a result of technical progress, with multifarious industrial and commercial uses, but also a uniquely fertile source of further progress in every field, from astrophysics to medicine, if not perhaps in economics.

This fabulous breakthrough is of little interest to most American liberals, however, except as an occasion for dolorous and surely false reflections on the computer's threat to individuality or for equally unfounded alarms about automation as a cause of unemployment. The entire history of economic progress attests to the fact that productivity simultaneously frees and empowers individuals and multiplies jobs and professions. Needless to say, material gains do not assure moral, spiritual, or aesthetic values or otherwise relieve the deeper predicaments of man. But if one is to traffic as an expert on technology and the economy, one must come to terms with the silicon chip.

The failure of the Left is quite under-



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standable, though, for this development casts the gravest doubt on their predictions for the economy. If they had been right in their theory of the bureaucratization of invention and enterprise, the computer revolution presumably would have been launched by the leading computer company, imperial IBM, or at least by *one* of the leading computer companies, probably in league with government. Instead the revolution was started by a second-rank camera firm, Fairchild, was developed by scores of new businesses led by strikingly unwithered and unbureaucratized entrepreneurs, and achieved its crucial breakthrough in 1971 at a tiny firm, Intel. This company contrived the microprocessor just three years after it was formed with a staff of twelve, including the directors, Robert Noyce and Gordon Moore, and the inventor, E.H. Hoff. Five years later it was the world's leading producer of the devices, with eight thousand employees, from Silicon Valley to Singapore.

Washington bureaucrats—well primed to be panicked by good news, from reading the ostrich school of liberal economics—see a giant firm, such as IBM, both as the epitome of innovative technological enterprise and as a dangerous monopoly. IBM is indeed the world's most resourceful and creative *big* company. But it largely missed out on the most important development in its field; it fumbled in its copier confrontation with Xerox, Kodak, Savin, and others; and it faces a continuing siege of trenchant competition from firms as small as Cray Research, which dominates the field of high-potency scientific computers, as large as Exxon, which has entered the fray in business machines through its subsidiary, Vydec, and as dynamic as Wang Labs and Digital Equipment, which already lead IBM in several areas of office apparatus and are advancing into others from their headquarters near Boston's Route 128. At the same time, IBM's old-line rivals in selling large mainframes—Control Data, Burroughs, NCR, Sperry Rand, and Honeywell—show few signs of fading away, and they have been joined by new ventures, however embattled, like Amdahl and tiny Cambex.

All this is not to deny that companies like IBM play an absolutely vital role in both the national and world economies. Large corporations both consolidate and rationalize the gains of others and act to countervail, as Galbraith himself showed long ago, the powers of other large firms, and even of the government itself. As *Forbes* magazine has observed, "[M]ore than the Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department, it is IBM that breaks up existing monopolies." Not only did it challenge the dominance of Xerox in the copying business and compete resourcefully against a series of state monopolies in nations around the world, but IBM has moved rapidly into the field of satellite networks and is now embroiled in a fierce rivalry with American Telephone and Telegraph in the realm of long-distance communications.

In these "teletext" systems of "distributed processing," computer terminals can be installed either in the familiar telephone, enlarged in power and versatility though not necessarily in size, or in the ubiquitous television set, amplified by printing and data processing equipment. In such systems, it is very difficult to define where AT&T's regulated telecommunications monopoly ends and data processing activity begins. The chief danger in the confrontation between the two giants is not that either will establish a monopoly in office communications, but that the Federal Communications Commission will succeed in extending its regulatory mortmain to IBM and hence to the tempestuously competitive field of business "informatics."

A further danger is that the great publicity that always attends a battle of the titans will lead a new generation to accept the prevailing illusion that huge corporations form the cutting edge of most new technologies. Communications satellites aside, there is no evidence that technological development has fundamentally changed to favor large firms. (Large firms were needed in certain applications of old technology, too, particularly in transport and communications.) Indeed, the microcomputer may have exceeded previous breakthroughs in the number of small companies that contributed to it and the intensity of competition that continues among them in exploiting its new applications.

Barry Commoner, who cannot imagine anything good without the hand of government, has theorized that this industry was made possible in 1962 by large government purchases of integrated circuits (advanced transistors). But by 1962 there were already scores of companies making semiconductor products and hundreds of patents had been awarded. Governments very rarely launch innovations. Even the space program failed to invent any new technology; its achievements were almost entirely based on the state of the art ten years before. Government laboratories have for many years been the most sterile part of the American scientific establishment, often more obstructive than creative of new technology. In 1962 the government somewhat accelerated semiconductor advances by buying a militarily useful product created by the private sector. But the industry was already irrepressibly on its way, in the same multifarious and highly competitive form that attended the early stages of the automobile industry before its thousands of machine shops were consolidated and the big three emerged to administer its less dynamic phases.

There is substantial evidence, moreover, that the microcomputer industry is not a special case, an exception to the essential modern rule of bigness and bureaucracy. On the heels of the microprocessor are coming two other new technologies, in lasers and microbiology. Both of them offer great but still largely undecipherable potentialities. The microbiologists are creating new organisms that may produce insulin, interferon, and hormones, clean up oil spills, and manufacture alcohol or other energy products, among many other possibilities. Lasers are already useful in many ways, from new-fangled light shows, to construction measurement, and conceivably fusion energy. Both new technologies are still chiefly in the hands of scores of young scientists and entrepreneurs, pioneering in the classic way of capitalism, as Schumpeter celebrated it in his earlier works and even nostalgically described it in retrospective pages of *Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy.*

Such entrepreneurs are fighting America's only serious war against poverty. It is small and high-technology businesses, not firms like Chrysler, that generate most of the employment in America. During the past decade, businesses on *Fortune*'s list of the one thousand largest companies have experienced virtually no job growth at all and have undergone a 26 percent decline in the real value of their equity.

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Meanwhile, between 1969 and 1976 smaller firms created 7.4 million new jobs, nearly four times as many as the government. A study for the Commerce Department showed that "young high-technology companies" have been growing in employment at a rate of 40 percent annually, about 13 times faster than "mature firms." In addition, small firms provide more than 80 percent of the jobs for young blacks and other "disadvantaged" citizens.

Recent decades have seen a boom in entrepreneurship in America, with new businesses accounting for the vast majority of new jobs during that period. Even unincorporated businesses have experienced greater gains in asset value during this period than have the leviathans. The 1978 cut in capital-gains taxes, engineered by the late Congressman William Steiger of Wisconsin, has prompted a new surge in venture capital. In "Silicon Valley"—already the home of hundreds of new companies—more than a hundred new firms emerged in 1979 alone, and the pace of new business formations continued to accelerate into the eighties.

All these creative activities embody the same gift and genius of capitalism that was exhibited by the *mumis* in primitive tribes; the traders in England and Holland, who elaborated a world market; venturers of the Industrial Revolution, who reshaped the possibilities of mankind; and the pioneers of American enterprise, who launched the greatest capitalist economy. But the potentialities of invention and enterprise are now greater than ever before in human history.

The question, as the eighties began, was whether these possibilities would be fulfilled in the United States and assure U.S. leadership in the world economy or move to other countries in Europe and Asia. Some of the most creative industries, from semiconductor products to communications satellites, generate huge needs for capital, and no major capitalist country was creating savings so slowly and wasting them so wantonly as the United States. Many of these industries need a favorable regulatory climate, managed by men who are capable of comprehending the promise and complexity of modern science. Yet the United States was taxing and harassing successful businesses more than any other capitalist country, regulating them as if they were dangerous conspirators against the public interest, and requiring new firms to offer impossible proof that their products cannot be abused.

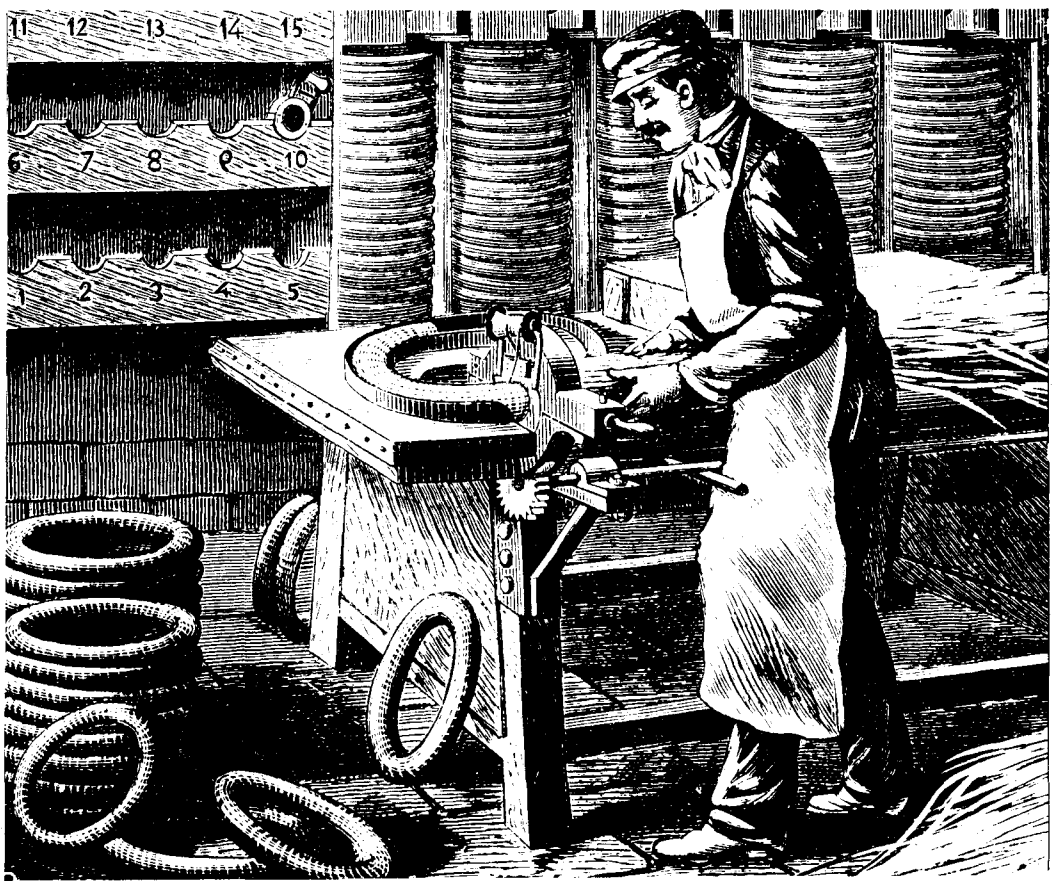
Japan, once far behind in the microcomputer field, was saving at a pace almost six times the U.S. rate and making vast investments in microelectronics and other research and development. Most European countries were also exceeding the United States in both savings and research and development. As a result, the Japanese were moving toward the lead in microprocessor memories and Europe was making rapid gains in pharmacology and nuclear power, while the United States squandered resources on failing auto companies and worried about windfall profits in the increasingly capital-hungry oil industry, a supreme national asset in an era of energy shortages.

Nonetheless, in the late 1970s in America entrepreneurs were bringing the forces of the future to a new prominence on the nation's stock exchanges. Most of the attention of press and public was focused on the continuing saga of a declining average of Dow Jones Industrials—thirty huge companies, led by General Motors and AT&T, whose equity value has collectively plummeted in real terms since the late 1960s and rose a nominal 4 percent in 1979. But meanwhile the smaller stocks, though scarcely running wild, rallied steadily since the crash of 1974. The Value Line Composite Index of some 1,675 stocks returned to its highs of the early 1970s, rising some 140 percent since 1974 and decidedly exceeding the rate of inflation. The American Exchange, with its mass of energy stocks, grew 260 percent since its 1974 low and rose 63 percent in 1979 alone. The largest index of all, published by the Wilshire Associates of Santa Monica, and covering nearly the entire universe of U.S. equities, rose in tandem with the Dow between 1974 and 1977 and then kept going up, even in real terms, while the Dow plunged. During 1979 the Wilshire Index rose 20 percent, to 1,056, higher than it was in 1973 when the Dow reached its all-time high.

As a fully weighted measure, the Wilshire is heavily influenced by the Dow companies; it takes hundreds of small stocks to counteract a downward plunge by Exxon or IBM. Yet the needed hundreds, and thousands, of smaller firms did indeed emerge and rise up. As the U.S. economy moved into the 1980s—with portents and predictions of doom abounding in the world of the dominant firms and government bureaucracies—the smaller companies and their followers were issuing a defiant claim that the future can be mastered. As the world mobbed the markets for gold, these companies raised the banner of human creativity and new technology as the way to triumph over the trials of the day.

To fight inflation, they offered products with declining real costs. To increase productivity, they presented devices that vastly magnify the efficiency of men and machines. To protect the environment, they produced items that neither pollute nor employ scarce material resources. To conserve energy, they offered products that use scant fuel either in manufacture or operation, but which yield great energy savings and efficiencies for the entire economy. Many successful high-technology companies, moreover, even economize on capital. As Warren Brookes has pointed out, their essential resource is ideas and men. These firms require about half as much capital formation per worker as heavy industries like autos and steel.

These new firms will inevitably triumph in the long run. But whether they can fulfill their promise to relieve our current problems in time depends largely on politics—on whether the dominant powers will allow the future to prevail, whether the politicians can comprehend the value of free men and free wealth. As the 1980s began, with the bailout of Chrysler and the imposition of new taxes on energy, the politicians were suggesting that they could not trust anything they could not predict and control. □



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Malcolm Muggeridge

SOLZHENITSYN RECONSIDERED I.

Solzhenitsyn vs. the Kremlin.

Ever since Solzhenitsyn's Harvard address the changed attitude of the media pundits in the West towards him has become manifest. Old media hands like myself get to know the signs—the casual innuendo, the throwaway line ("not the liberal we would like him to be"), the tone more in sorrow than in anger, the barking in unison as the consensus pack moves collectively towards the kill. It was in the Harvard address that he deviated most drastically from the basic liberal orthodoxy that freedom consists in being allowed and provided with the means to do whatever anyone has a mind to, and that a free society is one in which this is possible and the means readily available, the supreme example of such a society being, of course, the United States. What magnified his offense from the consensus point of view, making it quite intolerable, was that, on his own admission, Solzhenitsyn derived his view of freedom from the New Testament rather than from such impeccable sources as the American Declaration of Independence and the judgments of the U.S. Supreme Court, in effect repeating to his Harvard audience what he had already written in his "Letter to the Soviet Leaders": *"I myself see Christianity today as the only living spiritual force capable of undertaking the spiritual healing of Russia."* (emphasis added).

In his Gulag books Solzhenitsyn established once and for all the role and extent of forced labor camps as an instrument of terrorism in the USSR. Thenceforth, thanks to him, apologists for the Soviet regime will have to take due account of the Gulag Archipelago rather than, as heretofore, seeking to deny its existence, or, like the ineffable Eleanor Roosevelt, dishing it up as part of an essentially humane penal system. Then, in his autobiographical work, *The Oak and the Calf*,* he deals with the pains and penalties of a writer in the USSR, describing his own experiences as a dissident writer between his release from the labor camps and his expulsion abroad in 1974.

In a sense, of course, all serious writers are in some degree dissidents; but whereas in the so-called free world their concern is to earn a living in a society in which porn is a mighty industry and literature a campus waste-product, in the USSR conformity with the party line is obligatory, and to deviate from it in word or even in thought can involve, not just penury and obscurity, but a one-way ticket to the Gulag Archipelago as well. As a sometime political prisoner, or, in Soviet slang, a Zek, Solzhenitsyn was not allowed to come to Moscow. So, on his release, he worked as a teacher of mathematics in the provinces, devoting all his spare time and energies to writing.

In ordinary circumstances the procedure would have been to submit his work to some local or national publication or publishing setup. In Solzhenitsyn's case this was precluded because the subject of his writings has been precisely the terrorism and mental chicanery whereby a Marxist oligarchy has ruthlessly imposed its will and ideology on a subservient population. Being a Zek himself, Solzhenitsyn felt a duty to the others he had left behind in the Gulag Archipelago to speak up for them, telling his fellow countrymen and the world about their suffering and privations and the monstrous injustice of their treatment. In all that he has written and spoken and done he has been true to this duty. And, let it be remembered, he could perfectly well have settled, as, for instance, Maxim Gorky did, for being a distinguished Soviet author, free to travel abroad, well provided with foreign currency, and honored at home and abroad. All that would be required of him would be to keep off a few sensitive themes, but this was just what he was in no circumstances prepared to do. In the early thirties, as I well remember, on important occasions Gorky used to be brought on to the platform along with Stalin and the Politburo, looking for all the world like a performing seal—a role that would never have suited Solzhenitsyn even though Gorky's reward was a commodious villa in Italy and a visa to come and go there.

Solzhenitsyn has the honesty to admit that his self-imposed duty has proved arduous and often frustrating. When he completed the first draft of *The Oak and the Calf* in the spring of 1967 he entertained a hope that he might be released from the agonizing role he had chosen for himself of being the Zeks' champion. Six years later when he prepared the text for publication he asked himself more urgently than ever when the din of battle would cease for him. "If only," he writes, "I could go away from it all, go away many years to the back of beyond with nothing but fields and open skies and woods and horses in sight, and nothing to do but write my novel at my own pace." Now, in enforced exile, he has the additional anguish of observing how, in the West, where the means to be free still exist, people have wearied of freedom, finding it an intolerable burden, and are all unconsciously sleep-walking into the very servitude Solzhenitsyn has so valiantly and faithfully resisted and denounced.

In the circumstances in which he was

*See Juliana Geran Pilon's review in the August issue of *The American Spectator*.

Malcolm Muggeridge is completing the third volume of his autobiography, Chronicles of Wasted Time.

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placed on his release from the labor camps he had no choice but to hide away his writings as he completed them, in the expectation that they would one day be published and fulfil their purpose. In every moment away from his teaching, he tells us, he wrote and wrote, diligently, day after day, and sometimes night after night. When, as a veteran free-lance practitioner, I think of the difficulty of producing commissioned copy to meet a deadline, I marvel at the books he produced in this manner, so brilliantly, so conscientiously, and so nobly disinterested in their purpose. Take the case of the Gulag books, very dear to his heart, and not just a literary feat of the highest order, but, as well, an integral part of the history of our time, and for that reason alone forever memorable. They were no mere exercise in writing; he had to collect in the greatest secrecy the testimonies on which the books are based, at the same time scrupulously protecting his sources in the knowledge that the consequences for them would be ruinous if it came out that they had provided him with information. Nonetheless, the books were completed while he was still living in the USSR, and in due course a copy of the manuscript was sent abroad, so that whatever might happen to him, the peoples of the West would know what the Gulag Archipelago was like and what it signified to Russians and others forcibly absorbed into the Soviet sphere of influence.

In his career as an undercover writer Solzhenitsyn was greatly beholden to Samizdat, the clandestine publishing system established in the USSR; and steadily growing in output and influence. Now it has spread through the whole country, and its productions are printed, not handwritten or cyclo-styled as in the early days.† All Solzhenitsyn's forbidden works have been circulated by Samizdat, and have reached tens of thousands of readers despite the KGB's efforts to stop it. With one or two notable exceptions—latterly none—it can be taken for granted that whatever serious literature is being produced by the so-gifted Russian people bears the Samizdat imprint. Some notion of the gap between what Samizdat publishes and the officially produced volumes displayed in the bookshops, may be deduced from the recent award of the Lenin Prize for Literature to Brezhnev, whose flat-footed sentences in his speeches and addresses can scarcely be considered prize-worthy. If Western publishers wanted to retaliate for the fiasco of their efforts to hold a bookfair in Moscow, a good idea would be to mount a Samizdat exhibition in London or New York and ask Solzhenitsyn to open it. I can't, however, see them doing this.

The big break came for Solzhenitsyn when none other than Nikita Khrushchev, while still the head man in the Kremlin, praised his book, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* about life in the labor camps, and authorized its publication in the USSR. How exactly this came about remains obscure, and anyway shortly afterwards Khrushchev reverted to the worst kind of Stalinist censorship. Nonetheless, the book was duly published and widely acclaimed, so that Solzhenitsyn became a celebrity at home and abroad. Also—which was more important for him—he came into contact with *Novy Mir,* the leading literary magazine in the USSR, and its editor, Tvardovsky. Solzhenitsyn's account of this truly remarkable man, and of the relationship between them, with all its ups and downs, makes fascinating reading. Tvardovsky was torn between joy in his own literary talent and genuine appreciation of literature and of Solzhenitsyn's genius, and his satisfaction at finding himself a member of the top Soviet elite, with all the privileges that went therewith, including a *dacha* in a restricted area—an inner conflict that led him, like so many of his fellow-countrymen, to resort increasingly to vodka. The affection between the two men survived all hazards, and when, as a result of a stroke, Tvardovsky became helpless and incoherent, Solzhenitsyn sat patiently and lovingly at his bedside. At his funeral he mourned his passing, both for Russia's sake, and on his own account. In a particularly venomous attack on Solzhenitsyn in *Harper's* magazine, George Feifer alleges that in his account of his transactions with *Novy Mir* and Tvardovsky, Solzhenitsyn has vilified both. What Solzhenitsyn does show—and I am sure justly—is that *Novy Mir,* despite its good record in Soviet terms, has no choice when it comes to the crunch but to obey its political masters. Likewise Tvardovsky, despite the essential nobility of his character.

Even now, in retrospect, it is hard to make any sense of the vacillations of Soviet policy in dealing with Solzhenitsyn. After the fame he acquired from the publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* he soon found himself once again being trailed by the KGB, as well as excluded from *Novy Mir* and expelled from the Writer's Union, an organization wholly controlled by the authorities. Some years ago I had a glimpse of its members when I was standing in front of its headquarters—located in the house Tolstoy chose as the model for the Rostov residence in *War and Peace*—beside a huge statue of Tolstoy, and holding forth about him for a TV program. While I was speaking members were coming and going, and may well have been voting on the infamous motion to expel Solzhenitsyn from the Union, which would account for the hangdog air they all seemed to have.

As the struggle to silence Solzhenitsyn went on, he fought back single-handedly, and managed to hold his own for a time, until his expulsion abroad—which he half dreaded and half wanted—settled matters. At one point it became known that a certain Victor Louis had taken a copy of Solzhenitsyn's *Cancer Ward* to the West to dispose of it on behalf of the KGB, having previously performed a similar service for the KGB with a manuscript by Stalin's daughter Alliluyeva. This Victor Louis is altogether an odd figure; his real name, it seems, is Vitaly Levin, and besides being a legman for the KGB, he has acted as Moscow correspondent for the London *Evening News*—a combination of duties which supports the saying that, journalistically speaking, a dateline, like ripeness, is all.

Running through everything Solzhenitsyn has written about his struggle to stand up to "them," the present masters and manipulators of the Russian people, there is the assumption of his Christian faith. He neither expounds nor stresses it, but the

†See also Vladimir Bukovsky's article, "Critical Masses," in the August issue of *The American Spectator.*

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reader is conscious of it all the time—acquired in the Gulag Archipelago, where, being totally deprived of freedom in earthly terms, he came to understand what constituted true freedom, the glorious liberty of the children of God about which the Apostle Paul speaks so eloquently. In the second Gulag book, in the wonderful chapter called "The Ascent," he even refers thankfully to his time in the labor camps as having brought him this illumination, and I truly believe that he would have found it more congenial to resume his old Zek existence rather than to watch, as he has had to do in his compulsory exile, the continuing surrender to "them" of whatever power, authority, and influence still pertains to what we go on calling Western civilization.

Now with the consensus pack after him, and with his Western readers, to sustain their interest, requiring variety, and the crazed expectations of an illusory kingdom of heaven on earth such as he cannot possibly provide, his immediate worldly prospects must be considered uncertain. Yet there is no sign of his own courage and determination faltering. "In moments of weakness and distress," he writes, "it is good to tread closely in God's footsteps." How amazed and incredulous I should have been as a young journalist in Moscow in the early thirties, given to pottering about the anti-God museums which then proliferated in the USSR, if someone had told me that half a century later one of the very finest products of the regime would be writing in this strain.

He goes on:

> Where would I be in a few days time—in jail or happily working at my novel? God alone knows. I prayed: I could have enjoyed myself so much, breathing the fresh air, resting, stretching my cramped limbs, but my duty to the dead permitted no such self-indulgence. They are dead. You are alive. Do your duty. The world must know *all about it.*

Well, thanks largely to Solzhenitsyn, the world now does know all about it, but his battle with "them" goes on. It is one man against the Kremlin, which might seem hopeless odds, but when that one man is Solzhenitsyn, against all the odds he must win, since, as he concludes his splendid Nobel Prize lecture: "*One word of truth outweighs the world.*" It is on this "seemingly fantastic violation of the law of the conservation of mass and energy" that he has based all the activities on behalf of his old Zek comrades he so movingly describes in *The Oak and the Calf.* In the course of describing them he tells more about himself than has been revealed in his other writings, and more about the Soviet regime, its inner reality, than any other book I know of in the vast literature dealing with the October Revolution and its consequences. □

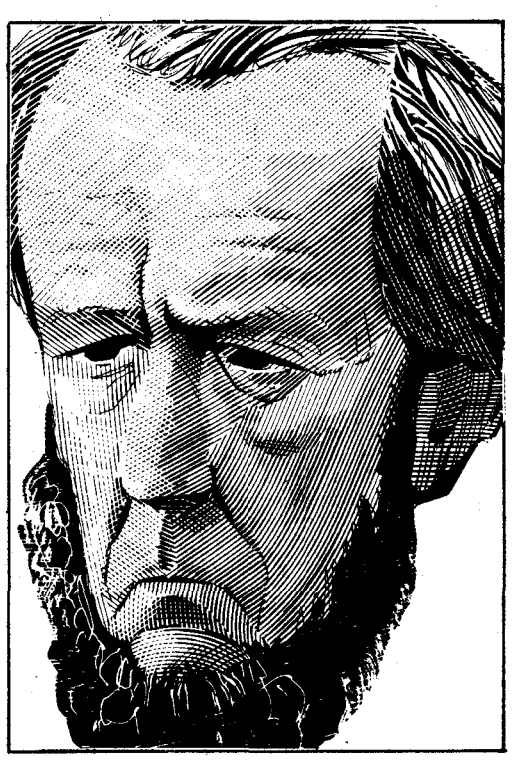
Delba Winthrop

SOLZHENITSYN RECONSIDERED II.

Solzhenitsyn vs. the American Establishment.

The recently published book, *Solzhenitsyn at Harvard,** is at once too much and too little. It consists of a translation of Solzhenitsyn's June, 1978 Harvard Commencement address ("A World Split Apart"), a dozen early reactions and responses to the address, and several further reflections. Many of the early pieces exhibit unreasoned outrage, and most of the later ones are displays of academic expertise. From the array we learn more about the foibles and follies of liberal intellectuals than we do about Solzhenitsyn.

To treat one speech as if it revealed the heart and mind of a man is always a questionable endeavor. In Solzhenitsyn's case, however, we have some license to make the attempt, for he has informed us in his writings that his every action is deliberate. He does not speak with haste or waste. When he cannot choose his audience, he can still choose what to say to it. The Commencement speech, we may assume, was altogether his choice.† He undoubtedly chose to examine the fundamental principles of liberalism at Harvard because Harvard is the symbol and bastion of liberalism's noblest aspirations. That it remains so was eloquently reaffirmed by Harvard's President Derek Bok that same day. The contributors to *Solzhenitsyn at Harvard,* even the ones without Harvard pedigrees, are all respected representatives of that tradition. To the extent that they have failed to appreciate or to understand Solzhenitsyn's argument they lend credence to his thesis: Liberalism cannot sustain liberalism's noblest aspirations, and liberalism is consequently not enough.



Most of the contributors implicitly dismiss James Reston's contention that the speech is "the wanderings of a mind split apart," but they acknowledge that "A World Split Apart" is complex and in need of explication. One might shed some light

Solzhenitsyn at Harvard: The Address, Twelve Early Responses, and Six Later Reflections, edited by Ronald Berman. Ethics and Public Policy Center, Washington, D.C. $9.50/$5.00.

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†Solzhenitsyn has not publicly rued his choice, but he has recently acknowledged a misjudgment: He thought Americans desired and appreciated criticism. (In fact, they savor criticism only from the Left.) See Solzhenitsyn's "The Courage to See" in the Fall 1980 issue of *Foreign Affairs.*

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on it by means of textual exegesis, but of the contributors only Charles Kesler has attempted this (and acquitted himself quite well indeed). Or one might have recourse to what is known of Solzhenitsyn's deeds and to his other writings. Only Ronald Berman, the literary scholar and editor of this volume, and Harold Berman, the expert on Soviet law, have used Solzhenitsyn's other works in their arguments. Or, finally, one might rely, as have most, on one's expert knowledge of the Soviet and Russian dissident traditions from which Solzhenitsyn has emerged.

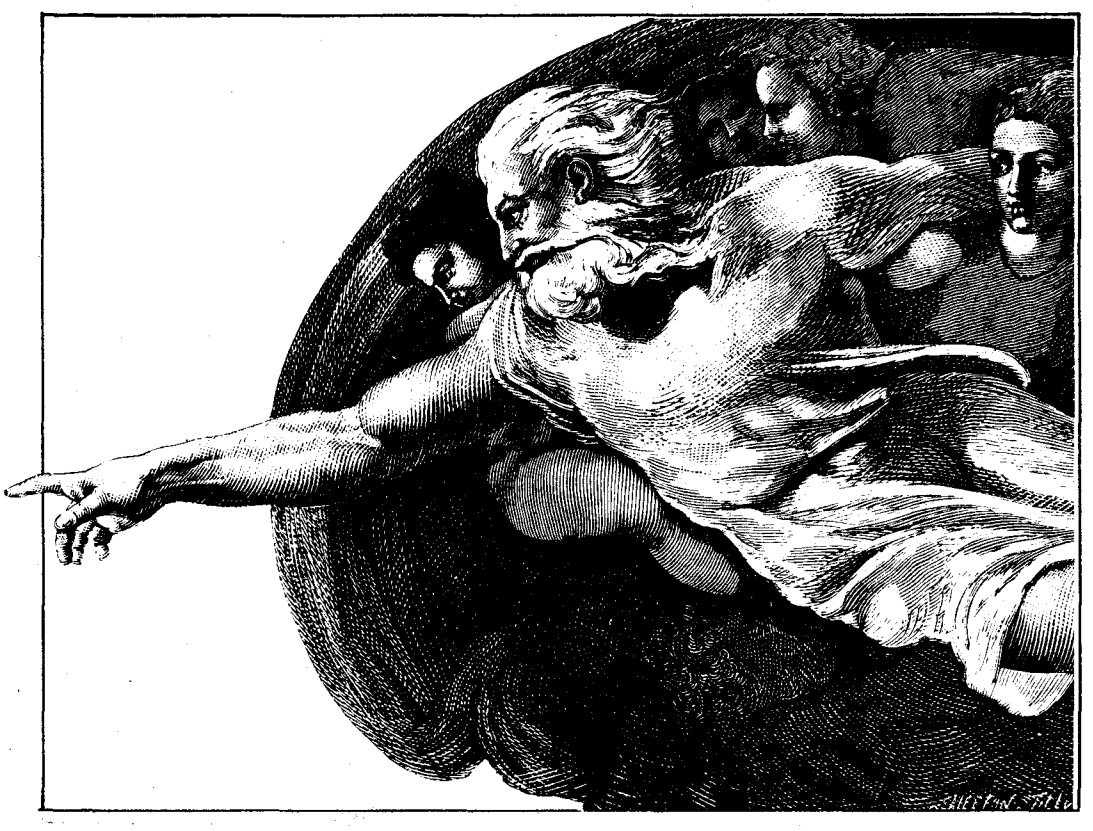
Of Solzhenitsyn's deeds little is known other than what he has told us in *Gulag, The Oak and the Calf,* and rare interviews. We do know in addition that he is a member of the Russian Orthodox Church, and we have no right to doubt his piety. He is said to take pains with the religious education of his children (as did many of our parents). He has made his home in exile in the United States, and we cannot suppose that he did so because Vermont is the only place in the non-Communist world that resembles Mother Russia. He has felt sufficiently endangered to have built a large unattractive fence around his property, and he went to a Cavendish town meeting to apologize for the fact. Combining Soviet-bred fears and American ways once again, Solzhenitsyn has improved upon Samizdat with the Xerox machine he keeps in his living room. Rumor has it that he knows more English than he allows, but Solzhenitsyn is not given to spending time "chatting at filling stations." Rather, he leads a life of isolation no serious scholar or writer could fault except out of envy. A man in his sixties with a sober awareness of human mortality and a burning desire to complete his life's work, Solzhenitsyn spends his days writing.

Since these details are at best sketchy and, in any case, do not account for the content and tone of the Harvard speech, more satisfying explanations must be sought. Unfortunately, the most common ones seem the least justified.

Solzhenitsyn is referred to by most commentators as a "prophet." Since prophecy is less in vogue with the intellectual establishment than with the moral majority, the appellation is not meant as a compliment. The epithet, in any case, is unwarranted. To my knowledge Solzhenitsyn has never proclaimed himself to be a prophet, and the language of neither the Commencement speech nor his other writings can fairly be termed prophetic. Solzhenitsyn has no more pretensions than any social scientist who makes predictions on the basis of his data and thus speaks "Truth." In fact he has fewer pretensions, for all he does is to state the choices open to us and account for their being our choices. His analysis of the West is strikingly similar to that of the enduring darling of American social scientists, Alexis de Tocqueville. In his memoir Solzhenitsyn does say that his life has a "higher and hidden meaning" of which he had to be reminded by "the Supreme Reason which no mere mortal can at first understand." By this he seems to mean that events in his life forced him to infer some purpose to it. His life's purpose, he has come to understand, is to speak and act with political intent, for example, to do his best to ensure that justice is aided with the publication of *Gulag.* Justice can be done only when the truth is known, and Solzhenitsyn's not yet completed multi-volume history of the Russian Revolution is meant to bring to light truths that are "universal, and even timeless." Ronald Berman argues that Solzhenitsyn's true greatness as a writer lies in his ability to understand and depict human life in its political context; "his ideas of culture and politics . . . are the work itself." What is required of us to hear the Harvard speech is not an openness to prophecy, but a willingness to consider that many truths about our politics and culture are indeed bitter.

If Solzhenitsyn is not a prophet in the usual sense, then surely he is a theocrat? But common opinion notwithstanding, Solzhenitsyn is not a theocrat. True, he has contended that the only alternative to Communism for the Russian people at this time is Orthodoxy. Yet he has never urged the Soviet leaders to do more than tolerate *all* religions (as do we). When he elaborates on his hopes for the spiritual regeneration of the Russian people he speaks of the school, not the Church. None of the heroes of his novels and stories are religious, or at least their virtue does not presuppose piety. Nor has Solzhenitsyn promoted organized religion, much less theocracy, in the West. He has said, "Religion should make an appropriate contribution to the spiritual life of the nation" (whatever "appropriate" means). He laments the fact that we have lost the "concept of a Supreme Complete Entity which used to restrain our passions and our irresponsibility." But on its face this statement no more evokes worship of the Christian Trinity than intellectual appreciation of the Platonic Good, the Aristotelian *nous,* or the Parmenidean One. Solzhenitsyn speaks not of a personal god to whom we necessarily owe obedience, but of an intelligible principle of order. He uses the words "spirit" and "spiritual" in as many senses as we do—not only as the locus of religiosity, but as intellect, as the animation of a people or an individual, and as that which leads us to suspect that there is more to a human being than a body with material needs and physical pleasures. And for all his insistence that our world find a place for the principle of soul, he could not reject more emphatically a religion that contravenes nature by contemning the body's needs and desires altogether. As Kesler suggests, the deepest meaning of "a world split apart" is a world in which the natural unity of body and soul is denied and the needs of one or the other neglected. Kesler also leads us to recall that only the Classical world (which Solzhenitsyn neither praises nor criticizes here, but of which he shows an appreciation in his writings) strove for such wholeness.

Michael Novak, who welcomes the Commencement speech as "the most important religious document of our time," can do so only because he interprets Solzhenitsyn's lament for the loss of "the concept of a Supreme Complete Entity" as a demand for the return to religion and a "theocentric" society. He also believes that Solzhenitsyn agrees that it is possible to ground the political institutions of a "liberal, pluralistic, constitutional democracy" on various religions which grow, that is, converge on the basis of their common principle of



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truth-seeking. Unfortunately, Novak's cheerful characterization of Solzhenitsyn's position requires Solzhenitsyn to have lost the understanding of what a revealed religion is. Each religion begins with its own non-negotiable truth, and none needs to seek what it already has. In contrast, the philosopher Sidney Hook holds that in his concern with a Supreme Complete Entity Solzhenitsyn is "profoundly, demonstrably, and tragically wrong." Rather than demonstrate Solzhenitsyn's error, however, Hook asserts (without demonstration and contrary to all experience) that mankind can agree to unite in the defense of freedom and morality without any agreement about "God, immortality, or any other transcendental dogma."

If Solzhenitsyn's critics cannot have him as a theocrat, they would at least have him as a partisan of autocracy or authoritarianism. But here too their assertions lack a firm foundation. Solzhenitsyn's explicit recognition of the obvious fact that some authoritarian regimes are better or worse than others cannot be construed as a recommendation of either variety. Solzhenitsyn has said that a non-Communist authoritarian regime would be best for Russia now because in her thousand-year history Russia has had only eight months experience with constitutional government. (Why do those who cannot abide Solzhenitsyn's defense of the Vietnam war, because they regard the war as an attempt to impose our ways on another people, not extend their cultural and political relativism to Russia?) The authoritarianism he recommends for Russia is, moreover, a curious one, for it would be ruled by law and incorporate the principle of separation of powers. So far is Solzhenitsyn from urging the West to adopt authoritarian ways that he criticizes the American press for subverting our representative institutions while it wields power irresponsibly. Elsewhere Solzhenitsyn has voiced a more fundamental objection to Western constitutional democracies: Western constitutional democracy invariably means party government, and party government is rule on behalf of a part or in its interest. The only consensus is that somebody's interests be served. A statesman is not required and is hardly permitted to think about the common good. Perhaps Solzhenitsyn did not offer this objection in the Commencement speech because he wished his audience to think about the most urgent common good for the sake of which all liberals can unite—the survival of the West and thereby of humanity.

It is also said of Solzhenitsyn that his "rantings" can be disregarded because he does not know the West; either he is unfamiliar with it or his own cultural bias blinds or blurs his vision. But as George Will, Kesler, and Ronald Berman suggest, the real issue is whether Solzhenitsyn knows Western ideas, particularly those on which modern Western politics are grounded. We do not know what Solzhenitsyn has read. Before World War II and Gulag he had been trained in mathematics and physics, but surely none of the contributors to this book believe that all human beings stop reading and thinking once they have their diplomas in hand. In any case, what Solzhenitsyn has read about the West is not decisive, for if (as the old saying goes) "truth is one," the same truth can be discovered anew in any time and place.

To assert that Solzhenitsyn is a latter-day Slavophile, implying that this is all we need to know to understand Solzhenitsyn and his speech, is at best a diversion. The issue is whether Solzhenitsyn is right or wrong, not who has taught him to pose the questions he raises. If the finding of similarities and tracing of influences is to be at all fruitful one must have a firm grasp of what it is one is about to reduce to its antecedents. Ronald Berman can cite as many Western sources as Richard Pipes can cite Slavophiles. Who is the winner? The danger in being content with tracing influences is apparent in Harold Berman's otherwise intelligent and interesting essay. In finding Solzhenitsyn's criticism of Western legalism rooted in Slavophile objections that laws tend to be all letter and no spirit, Berman overlooks a crucial fact of Western legal history. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the very principle of law in Western civilization underwent a radical change. The principle "what the law does not command, it forbids" became "what the law does not forbid, it permits." Laws that were to "command all the virtues" were replaced by mere "hedges." The issues involved in this change are at the core of what is, according to Will, "the most ancient and honorable theme of Western political philosophy." William McNeill is only mildly and briefly upset by the whole issue of perspective and cultural relativity because he thinks Solzhenitsyn's central proposition is that a nation needs "a unifying ideal or myth"—not a universal truth—to sustain its will. McNeill expects us to be saved by a nihilistic assertion of Western will in the name of nothing more than a myth.

Solzhenitsyn holds that the precariousness of the West's existence is due to a mistake at its very root: the "rationalistic humanism or humanistic autonomy" that became the basis of its political and social doctrine. The principle of modern Western politics, he says, is "that governments are meant to serve man and that man lives in order to be free and pursue happiness." Thus Solzhenitsyn understands liberalism better than liberals do, for just such a principle was articulated by Thomas Hobbes, proponent of modern liberal politics whom Solzhenitsyn has recently attacked in *Foreign Affairs* magazine. According to Hobbes, man is naturally free. Unhindered, human bodies would move not toward "a Supreme Complete Entity," but toward the various objects of their desires, the continual attainment of which might be called happiness. But in such a condition of perfect freedom, life would be so intolerable that men would consent to government and laws to limit their natural freedom. Government serves man by securing peace and preservation.

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Laws, when good, are as few and as limited in scope as possible out of respect for the presumption of natural liberty. The morality of modern liberalism is nothing more than obedience to the laws that make peace possible. However minimal these laws might be, modern politics does not require—nay, forbids—individual appeal to any higher moral or religious principles.

Because Hobbes' doctrine is grounded on a universal fact of human nature, it should be universally applicable. And Hobbes insists that it is true as well as salutary. All opinions compatible with the metaphysical dogma of this "humanistic autonomy," that the first principle is the individual human body, are tolerable. Religion can therefore be tolerated in a modern polity only when the faithful no longer take religion and its possible truth seriously.

The most obvious political defect of liberalism, as Hobbes and his critics anticipated, is that it cannot sustain military courage. If the preservation of one's own body is one's greatest (and most justified) concern, how could it ever be reasonable to risk one's life for any person or principle? Although Hobbes' doctrine does not require a petty materialism in everyday life (one is still free to indulge the "lust of the mind" for knowledge), the common desire for material well-being is likely to be ubiquitous. Liberalism is transformed into the welfare-statism or socialism and finally the nihilism of liberal intellectuals only when they try to elevate the vulgar passions for equality and material well-being to principle. Having lost any measure of man but his state of preservation, they become incapable of making a reasoned distinction between noble and base aspirations.‡

Solzhenitsyn advises us, his friends, that "no one on earth has any other way left but —upward." He does not urge a return to either the Middle Ages or the early optimism of the Enlightenment. We cannot defend liberalism without an awareness of its weaknesses as well as its strengths. Liberalism's claim to be universally true and beneficial is belied in a world split apart. To think about the profundity of liberalism's difficulties is to have begun our ascent. Solzhenitsyn's demeanor, which offends most of the contributors to *Solzhenitsyn at Harvard* and even its publishers, complements his argument, for he personifies a quality which is antithetical to the spirits of both Christianity and liberalism, but is the peak of Classical virtue: *megalopsychia*—greatness of soul, or pride. □

‡That Solzhenitsyn believes our most fundamental danger to be intellectual, not military, has been made perfectly clear in his two recent statements in *Foreign Affairs*, as well as by the fact that he chose as his forum a scholarly journal. A political science that has become contemptuous of universal doctrines is blind to the nature of Marxist regimes as well as liberal ones. Our scholars leave Western statesmen dumb before those who still wish to see and hear what Solzhenitsyn calls "a proud, principled and open defense of freedom."

Karl O'Lessker

THE REAGAN BUDGET

A budget for the candidate who said, "The Time is Now."

When President-elect Ronald Reagan sits down with his advisors to consider budget recommendations for the first fiscal year of his administration, he will be forced to confront—as policy maker rather than campaigner—a set of facts that may well make him wish he had gone into some other line of work. The most chilling of them is this: Just to keep pace with inflation, federal spending in fiscal 1982 will have to be almost $72 billion higher than it is this year*—an amount that includes *no* new domestic programs and *no* improvement in our national defense beyond what has already been programmed. Nor will Mr. Reagan take much comfort from the parallel fact that, in the absence of any change in our tax laws, federal revenues will increase by as much as $107 billion next year, nearly half ($47.4 billion) of which will come in the form of higher individual income tax payments. To be sure, if balancing the budget were the new administration's fondest desire, this 17.8 percent rise in revenues would look delectable, because the budget would then finally be in balance—and neither the President nor Congress would have had to lift a finger to accomplish that. But Governor Reagan campaigned all this year on a well-conceived pledge to cut income tax rates by 10 percent across the board and to provide business with some form of accelerated depreciation. These together would siphon something like $61 billion out of that $107 billion automatic tax increase. And that means that, as outlays are currently projected for next year, the new administration would be looking at a $50 billion deficit.

Those then are the very general dimensions of the FY 1982 budget problem with which the President-elect will have to wrestle even before his inauguration next January. For he is required by law to submit to Congress within weeks of his taking office any changes he wishes to propose in the budget requests left behind by the outgoing Carter administration. Four years earlier President Carter seized the occasion to propose what we now know to have been disastrous changes in the FY 1978 budget that Mr. Ford had submitted before leaving office. And the Democratic Congress, like a child after a tonsillectomy being told that ice cream is not only not bad for him but is positively salubrious, only too eagerly accepted the new president's request to pump unneeded billions into an economy already rapidly recovering from its recent slump. The result, with which we are only too bitterly familiar, is the unprecedented inflation of the last three years—a result which, more than any other factor, led to Mr. Carter's defeat at the polls.

There is a multitude of lessons buried in that brief melancholy history. Let me cite

*Except as otherwise noted, all figures in this article are taken from Office of Management and Budget, *Supplemental Summary Fiscal Year 1981 Budget*, July 22, 1980. House Document No. 96-344.

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only the few that should be of greatest moment to the incoming Reagan administration.

First, and most obvious, the federal budget does make a difference to the state of our economy. This is not a truism; it is an empirical proposition so well grounded in experience that no one today—least of all the activist liberal economists who have guided the Carter administration—would deny it. But it is worth mentioning here because there is such strident disagreement among economists of all persuasions as to just how much difference the budget makes in a number of key areas—the price level, for instance, or unemployment or productivity.

The second major lesson is one that ought to be obvious but often isn't, especially to a newly elected president and his advisors. It is that Congress makes a difference. No matter how much advantage a president may enjoy by way of initiative in budget drafting, Congress still retains the power of the final say; and the new (since 1975) congressional budget process provides it with a greatly enhanced capability for making independent judgments about the budget in all its fiscal ramifications. This came as an enormous revelation to Jimmy Carter after a few months in office. At first believing Congress to be only a larger and somewhat more heterogeneous version of the Georgia state legislature, Carter was surprised and angered by Capitol Hill reluctance to adopt his proposal for what would have been a sharply inflationary $50-per-person tax rebate for practically the entire population. This was all the more surprising to him because the same Congress had reacted so enthusiastically to his request to add almost $20 billion in outlays to the Ford budget request for the same fiscal year. Even here, however, the stimulus package that emerged from Congress a few months later was significantly different from the one Carter had proposed in February 1977, with higher spending jammed into a shorter period. We needn't try to decide here whether Congress was smarter or dumber than the President in all this. It is enough to note that it had a mind of its own and stuck to it. Nor should President Reagan expect anything more in the way of deference from the tumultuous satraps at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

The third and most dispiriting lesson is that nobody knows what works. Or to put it rather more accurately, *given the politically available options*, it is almost impossible accurately to estimate the consequences of a set of fiscal policy choices. A colleague of mine has enunciated his First Law of Ecology: You can't do only one thing. In a village in Borneo they sprayed the houseflies and the roofs caved in. At least they had the luxury of *trying* to do only one thing, but that is not a luxury our policy makers can enjoy. Every significant change reverberates throughout the economy in nearly incalculable ways—and the Reagan people will want to make dozens of significant changes all at once.

Let me be specific. A familiar dilemma, one I have already alluded to, is that of balancing the budget while lowering taxes. Laffer Curves to the contrary notwithstanding, it can't happen, at least not immediately. Supply-side stimulus will almost certainly result from a tax cut, but not before the deficit rises well above what it would have been without the cut. And higher deficits lead to higher interest rates and higher inflation.

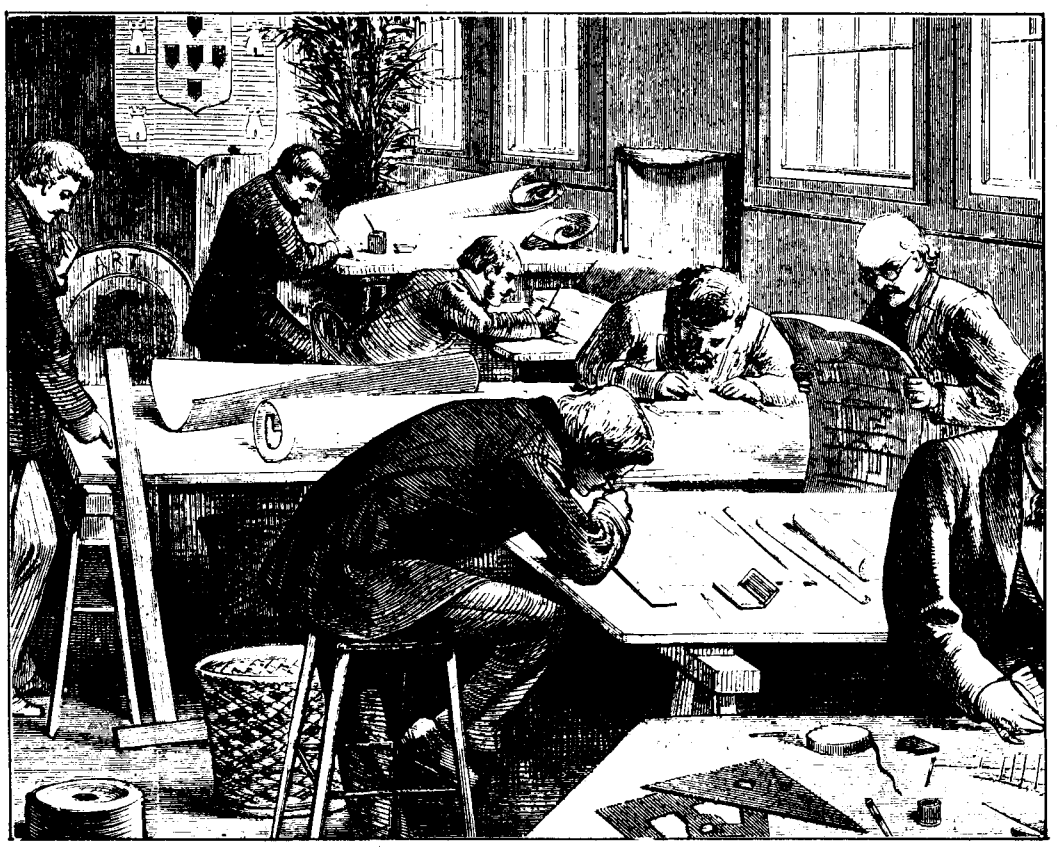
A subtler but perhaps more intractable dilemma has to do with the tradeoff between national defense and productivity. The Reagan administration is intent on achieving enhanced levels of both; but as Herbert Stein has pointed out in a recent issue of the *AEI Economist,* the former may well preclude the latter for at least the next several years. This is because sharply higher defense purchases can be financed only out of higher federal deficits or higher taxes, either of which is detrimental to new investment to increase productivity. Ah, but why not finance defense spending out of large reductions in the non-defense sector of the budget? The answer to that is implicit in the phrase I used earlier, "given the politically available options," and I shall discuss it in more detail later in this article. For the moment let me only say that neither the new 97th Congress nor any likely to be elected in the foreseeable future will permit major reductions in non-defense spending—more than 80 percent of which, be it noted, goes for income security, health, veterans benefits, and interest on the national debt.

What major changes may we expect then from a Reagan as compared to a Carter budget for FY 1982? It will be useful to look at the question in the context of the principal budget aggregates—defense, non-defense (excluding interest on the national debt, which is effectively not subject to change in any given fiscal year), taxes, and the possibility of savings through reduction of waste and fraud.

• • •

National Defense: For as long as he has been a national political figure Mr. Reagan has deplored the progressive weakening of our military capability and has called for that trend to be reversed. This year, too, that has been one of the central themes of his candidacy. It is inconceivable that he as president would settle for no more in the way of defense spending than the Carter administration has projected for fiscal 1982—$177 billion in outlays and $194 billion in total obligational authority. There is hardly any category of military activity that does not badly need the sort of improvement that only money can buy, whether it be better pay for better personnel, restoring the B-1 bomber to production, reversing the attrition of our naval forces, procuring adequate supplies of materiel for training and stockpiling, or any of a multitude of critical needs.

But the cost of moving ahead in all areas of need simultaneously would be not only staggering but fiscally and politically impossible. President Reagan may well be tempted to call for a level of defense spending approximating that of the Kennedy years—something like 8 percent of gross national product compared to the 5.2 percent of the current fiscal year. That would add almost $90 billion to 1982 outlays and even more to budget authority compared to the Carter projections. Reagan's principal defense advisor, William



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R. Van Cleave, has been described by *Congressional Quarterly* as "a longtime advocate of a 'quick fix' infusion of cash to catch up with the Soviets [and whose] charge is to tell Reagan what is needed without regard to 'political realities' like budget ceilings." On the basis of its interview with Van Cleave, *CQ* reports that the Reagan budget for 1982 "is likely to include substantial new outlays for existing programs, plus funding for such items as a new manned bomber, an accelerated deployment scheme for the new MX missile, production of the so-called neutron bomb and an expanded Navy."

Now all of this together would not add up to an additional $90 billion, nor could the services spend anything like that sum even if they were authorized to do so. But it would not be surprising if Van Cleave's recommendations were to call for an increment of perhaps $20 billion over the latest (July) Carter projections for outlays and budget authority in 1982, bringing the figures President Reagan will propose next February to almost $200 billion for the former and $215-220 billion for the latter.

Non-defense Outlays: With defense spending and interest on the national debt removed, total federal outlays for fiscal 1982 are currently estimated at just over $470 billion, an increase of almost $50 billion, or 11.7 percent, over spending in 1981. Of that total for next year, $305 billion will go out in the form of direct payments to individuals—slightly more than half of which will be social security benefits. Other components of the payments-to-individuals category include unemployment compensation, public assistance, federal employee retirement and disability, and a variety of other programs administered by the states. Almost the entire amount falls within what is commonly called the "uncontrollable" portion of the budget: Outlays are required by existing law and are alterable only by a positive act of Congress. And almost all of it is indexed to inflation, which means that entitlements rise in lock-step with rises in the Consumer Price Index.

If only because of its immense costs, this is a place where significant budget cuts could be made. In a study published early this year entitled *Reducing the Federal Budget: Strategies and Examples,* the Congressional Budget Office offered illustrations (*not* recommendations) of savings that could be achieved in the Income Security portion of the budget. The largest would result from setting a "cap" on cost-of-living adjustments to social security benefits—permitting indexing to rise to only 85 percent of the rise in the CPI; in 1982 alone, according to CBO estimates, that would save $4.8 billion, rising by 1985 to $13.9 billion. Other changes in Income Security and related programs cited in the CBO study could produce over $15 billion in savings.

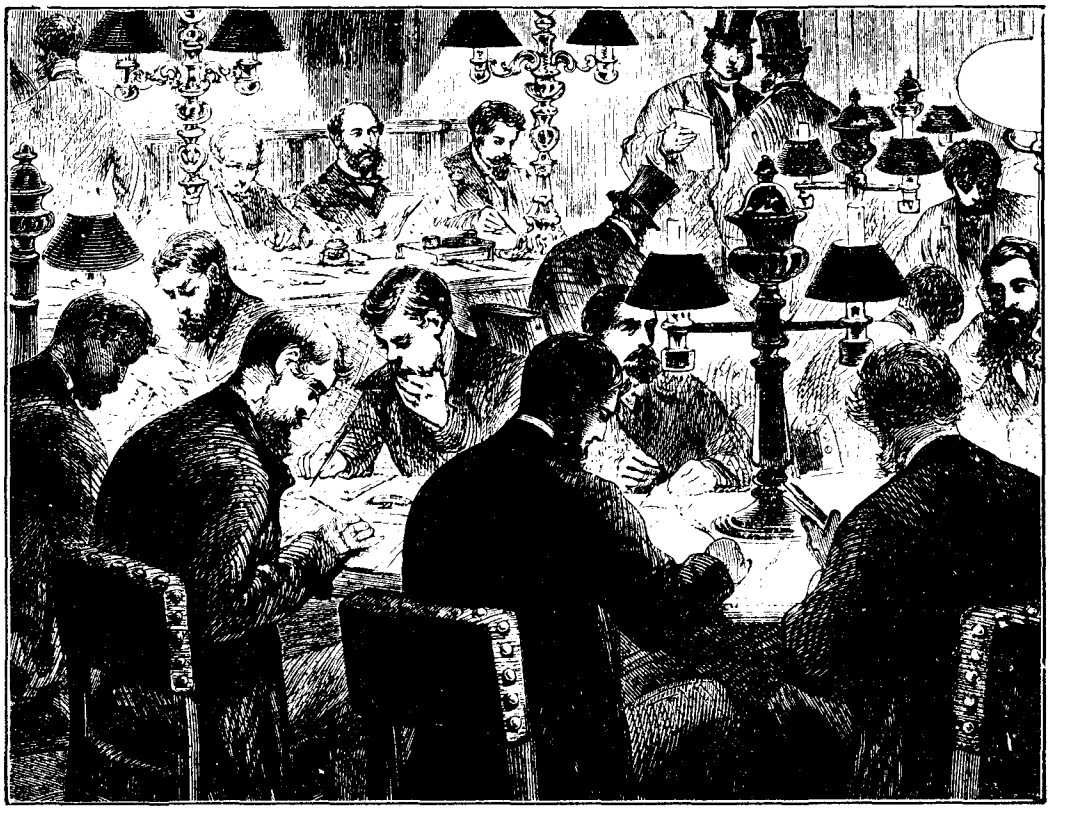
But this method of reducing federal outlays is known in liberal rhetoric as "balancing the budget on the backs of the poor, the elderly, the minorities..." etc. For President Reagan to propose something like it would be to incur heavy, in all probability intolerable, political costs; all the more so in light of his insistence in the latter stages of the campaign that he would not even contemplate anything that would impair the structure of social security benefits. Moreover, getting it through Congress would take a near-miracle: Republicans as well as Democrats quail before the anticipated fury of senior citizens. No president should be expected to wage a self-destructive campaign that he can't possibly win.

Other major segments of the domestic budget include health programs, which next year will account for $72 billion in outlays most of which is uncontrollable; the functional category known as Education, Training, Employment, and Social Services, scheduled to rise to $34 billion in 1982; and veterans benefits, programmed to cost just over $23 billion next year. Most of the outlays for these latter two categories are technically in the discretionary—that is, controllable—portion of the budget, requiring annual authorizations and appropriations. For that reason alone they present opportunities for large savings. By way of illustration, CBO has identified six possible reforms that could produce spending cuts totalling $3 billion in fiscal 1982; but of these several, like Impact Aid and the College Student Loan Program, have powerful middle-class constituencies and others are targeted on minority youth unemployment, which is presently running close to 40 percent. Given the political and congressional constraints against cutting these programs, it is likely that the Reagan budget for 1982 will call for holding the line on most of them at an outlay figure close to the increases that inflation alone would dictate, with perhaps marginal decreases in social services grants to the states.

All the rest of the federal non-defense budget (including international affairs but excluding interest on the national debt) for 1982 is expected to cost $101.5 billion in outlays. No one should doubt that there are large opportunities for savings in the hundreds of programs that comprise this one-seventh of the budget. The practical question is whether, given the relatively few weeks available to them before the February deadline, the Reagan people will be able to identify very many of them. No doubt some such analysis was underway even before the election, conducted by a task force headed by former OMB Director Caspar Weinberger. But the major program review effort will have to wait for preparation of the FY 1983 budget, and it is then that we can anticipate important savings over what a reelected Carter administration would have provided.

Taxes: The most controversial of the Reagan budget proposals will involve revenues. I have already cited OMB projections for a 1982 tax bite increase of $107 billion if no changes are made in existing law. That represents a 17.8 percent growth in only one year—far greater than the growth in GNP and about one-third higher than the anticipated growth in federal outlays. Practically everyone agrees that a revenue increase of that magnitude is dangerous to the nation's economic health and ought somehow to be trimmed back. Late last summer the Carter administration announced what it called a focused tax cut package that would provide $27.6 billion in tax relief during the current (1981) fiscal year—$15.7 billion for business, $11.9 billion for individuals; but what Mr. Carter will recommend in his lame-duck 1982 budget requests is still not known at the time this is written.

The most recent Reagan tax proposals



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involved a 10 percent across-the-board cut in personal income tax rates in each of the next three fiscal years; for 1982 that would reduce revenues by something like $48 billion. And he has endorsed an accelerated depreciation schedule (the 10-7-4-2 plan worked out by the Senate Finance Committee last August) that would lower business taxes by $13 billion next year. The total revenue loss then would be about $61 billion, out of an anticipated current law increase of $107 billion. That is a tax "cut" of sorts, to be sure, but it hardly qualifies as the irresponsible giveaway that Carter forces termed it during the campaign.

Still, $61 billion in revenues foregone is, other things being equal, $61 billion added to the potential deficit for FY 1982. But will other things be equal? When supply-side economic theory first came to prominence a few years ago, its proponents argued that a large tax cut would generate economic growth of such magnitude that lost revenues would quickly be regained, and with interest; the Kennedy tax cut of 1962 was held out as exemplary. But most economists, conservatives as well as liberals, were never persuaded. And in his definitive economic policy statement of last September, Mr. Reagan sided with the skeptics: His advisors produced estimates showing that by the time the Reagan tax cut plan is fully phased in, it will yield an annual (in 1985) revenue loss of $192 billion while stimulating additional revenues of only $39 billion. That will not be a problem in 1985, however, because by then the sum of federal receipts will have risen to such heights—nearly a trillion dollars even with the Reagan tax cuts—as to produce a tidy budget surplus.

But the immediate problem is budget recommendations for 1982, when the new administration will be faced with the prospect of a deficit that, with large increases in defense spending and few offsetting cuts in domestic outlays, may approach the $55 billion mark. Will President Reagan even then ask for a $61 billion tax cut?

I believe he will. By every indication his two most cherished policy goals are a strengthened national defense and a reduction in incentive-destroying tax rates. The fact that these goals are, if not mutually exclusive, at least incompatible, should not deter Mr. Reagan from incorporating them both in his February budget requests. What will make it possible for him to do so is of course the instrument of the federal deficit. No matter how strongly he may yearn for a return to the fiscal discipline of a balanced budget, that is simply not his first priority. He is confident, and with good reason, that he will attain that goal too in another year or so and appears willing to pay the political and economic price of a "Reagan deficit" in order to get started on his defense and tax-reduction programs.

Nor is Congress likely to try to block him. These are the two areas in which it gives evidence of wanting to cooperate. Even the more liberal and Democratic 96th Congress showed unwonted zeal in voting for higher defense spending than the Carter administration had asked. The 97th Congress will heed President Reagan's call for truly significant (as opposed to Carterite sleight-of-hand) increases in defense spending.

The outcome on tax reduction is less predictable. But now with Republican control of the Senate, chances for passage of major elements of the Reagan tax plan will surely be improved. The Senate will undoubtedly adopt the 10-7-4-2 accelerated depreciation plan which the Finance Committee itself approved last August. Undoubtedly, too, there will be some form of personal income tax rate cuts, even if not as neat and clean as the 10 percent across-the-board cut that Reagan will request. And by the time the Senate and House agree, there is no telling what the final package will look like. It seems a safe bet, however, that tax reductions on the order of $40 to $50 billion will be enacted for fiscal 1982.

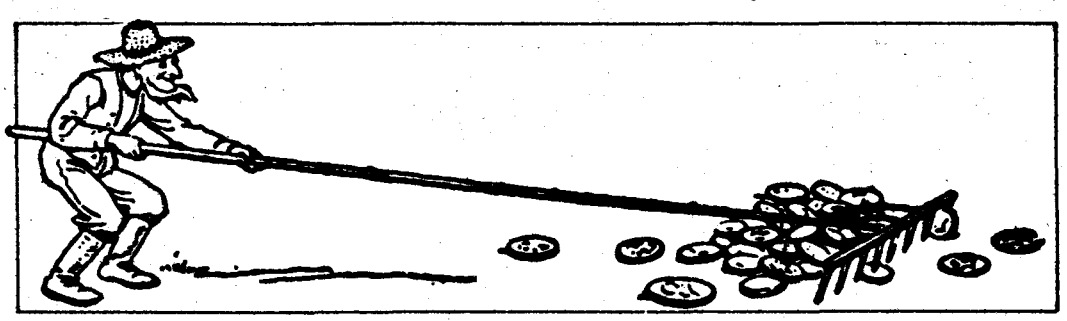
But a tax cut of that magnitude accompanied by a large increase in defense spending will, as Mr. Reagan's opponents never tired of pointing out during the campaign, produce yet another massive federal deficit. Any offset to it can only come from what Reagan himself last September called "One of the most critical elements of my economic program . . . the control of government spending." He spoke often and fervently about "waste, extravagance, abuse and outright fraud in Federal agencies and programs" and acknowledged that "it will take a major, sustained effort over time to effectively counter this." So it will—and every new president in living memory has pledged to make such an effort. No one should doubt the sincerity of Mr. Reagan's intentions; but no one should imagine that success in this will come easily to him.

The two main instruments a president has for doing anything about waste, etc., are the Office of Management and Budget, which has the responsibility for examining and recommending to the president a budget request for each of the one thousand appropriations accounts into which the federal budget is divided, and his own veto power. Other devices, too, are available to him and he will have to use whatever he can get his hands on.

Paradoxically, he will have to be willing to swallow hard, gulp once or twice, and permit an *increase* in federal hiring in several key areas. One is in the staffs of the Inspectors General of the various departments and agencies. This would give the I.G.'s an added capacity not only to ferret out fraud and abuse more effectively but also to develop new techniques to make them harder to commit. Second, he ought to encourage Congress to beef up the audit staff of the General Accounting Office. We know from long experience that government auditors almost always repay their salaries several times over, both in recovering and in preventing wrongful expenditures. And third, Mr. Reagan should increase the number of budget examiners in the Office of Management and Budget, which is nothing less than his administrative strong right arm. It is astonishing but true that the number of budget examiners —approximately 200—has not risen since 1950, while the federal budget which they are responsible for examining in detail has increased fifteen-fold. Given fewer appropriations accounts to handle, each examiner would be far better able to identify, if not fraud, then certainly waste and abuse in those accounts.

The other major tool which President Reagan will have at his disposal for controlling government spending is the veto power. Directed against what he called "the Congressional desire to add-on to every old program and to create new programs funded by deficits," the veto can be a powerful weapon in the battle for fiscal restraint. Presidents Nixon and Ford both enjoyed considerable success in forcing Democratic Congresses to reduce spending in specific areas (though not in overall budget aggregates). But the veto is really effective only against add-ons; it is of only marginal use in getting Congress to accept requests for *cuts* in existing programs.

The upshot of all this is that the Reagan revisions to the fiscal 1982 budget may well be able to target reductions in domestic outlays approaching the $20 billion level. If so, that will just about compensate for the likely increase in defense spending and will not therefore serve as any kind of offset to the $61 billion tax reduction he plans to request. And this means, if current revenue and outlay projections are anywhere near accurate, President Reagan's first budget will contemplate a federal deficit in the neighborhood of $30 billion. No doubt that will provoke raucous jeers from liberals and cries of anguish from conservatives, and the decibel level



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will not be greatly lowered by the President's confident (and accurate) predictions that the 1983 budget really will at long last be balanced.

But not all deficits are created equal nor are they all equal in their long-term consequences for the nation. A Carter deficit of that magnitude would occur in the context of a weaker defense and a more bloated central government. The Reagan deficit will result from a badly needed first step toward restored military strength and reduced federal claims on our national wealth. That step alone justifies the outcome of the 1980 election. □

John Nollson

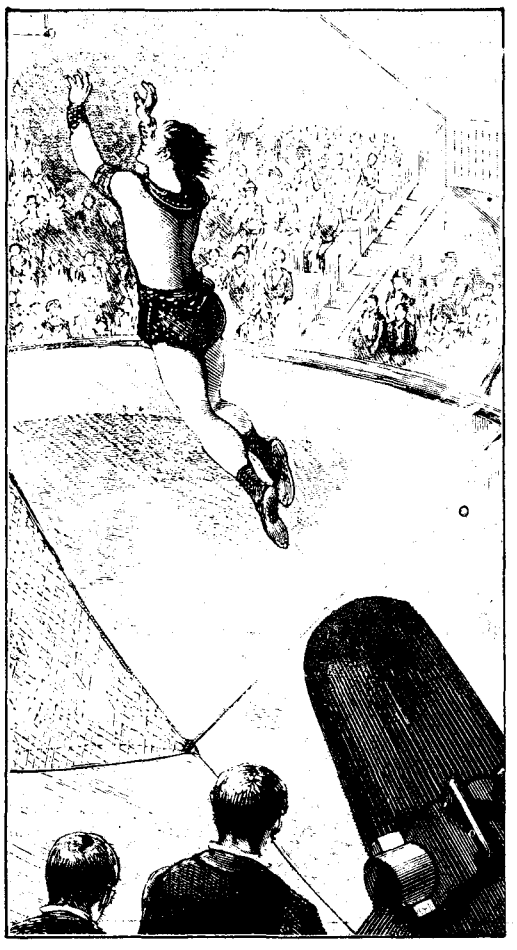
CHRYSLER'S NUCLEAR SHOWROOM

The American people have been sobered by the announcement that the Chrysler Corporation is now in possession of its own strategic nuclear strike force. The entry of nuclear weapons into the private sector will almost certainly have an effect on the behavior of the free market. Chrysler, for one, makes no bones about it; its latest shareholders' report maintains that customers will now be more readily coerced into buying K cars.

In a sense, the development was inevitable, and we should not be surprised to see these weapons of mass destruction migrate into the profit-making sphere. Nonprofit organizations have long realized the utility of independent nuclear forces, not under governmental control. That they were able to take advantage of their tax-exempt status to acquire them on the cheap has only inspired businesses to follow in their footsteps. True, this has been one of the unintended consequences of the investment tax credit scheme. It turns out that the average corporation can invest in nuclear forces and, taking advantage of accelerated depreciation schedules, write off most of the cost. The returns—in terms of increased sales and heightened corporate prestige—already look impressive.

The granddaddy of non-governmental nuclear forces, as everyone knows, is the now-aging fleet of B-47 bombers acquired in the mid-1950s by the National Geographic Society. The Society's ascendency in the Third World, one of the outgrowths of *Pax Americana,* had to be placed on a more stable long-term footing. Certain radical organizations abetted, it is rumored, by Friends of the Earth, became determined to break the Society's stranglehold on the Third World's image. The Society's photographic expeditions, sent in search of ever more exotic bare-breasted women, were victimized by sporadic attacks. In one such, three of the Society's tripods were destroyed in a lightening raid by a nomad sapper team. This incensed the Grosvenor family and all three generations of them decided to put an end to this impudence. Today, membership in the National Geographic Society is the equivalent of ancient Roman citizenship. It is necessary only to intone "subscribus Geographicus sum," and one can travel throughout the known world in perfect serenity.

The National Geographic Society doesn't like to make much of the fact that its influence in world politics rests on the bedrock of its secure second-strike force. But everyone knows that it does. That's why the World Health Organization also made the decision to go nuclear. In that the W.H.O. is part of the United Nations, it had to be a bit more circumspect. In fact, the origins of W.H.O.'s deterrent can also be traced back to the 1950s. At first, it was just a matter of promoting the use of radioactive isotopes in basic medical research. Then came the need for small amounts of enriched uranium to fuel ever more powerful X-ray machines. Then came enormous cobalt devices, ostensibly designed to destroy tumors but, in reality, powerful enough to knock down an airplane if aimed skyward. In this way, the World Health Organization acquired control of a global network of nuclear installations. By the time the rest of us were able to figure out what was going on, it was far too late. For years, we have been coerced into shelling out billions for preventive health programs and all we've got to show for it is a stepped-up arms race.



Given this experience, it was similarly inevitable that the nuclear question would invade labor-management relations sooner or later. Nuclear weapons are of little use in the customary struggles between workers and capitalists, given the fact that these struggles usually occur at close range. But at sea or in the air, it's a different story. Strategic theorists at the better universities, for example, look upon the test of wills between the nation's airlines and the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization as a textbook case. Airline pilots, having refused to comply with PATCO's demands for periodic slowdowns, had to be brought into line. As one of PATCO's officers pointed out, there is nothing like the sight of a mushroom cloud where LaGuardia airport used to be to persuade pilots that they ought to go land someplace else. Not that the airport itself needed to be destroyed; PATCO's high-altitude demonstration blast was all that was necessary.

So management was not far behind. Thousands of Americans have flocked to Chrysler showrooms to sign up for a K car. We still pretend that we are doing this in order to sock OPEC in the gas pump, but it's just the result of unchecked nuclear proliferation and all that goes with it.

The Tobacco Institute, for example, understands this very well. Its own nuclear weapons development program is now cranking full tilt on a crash basis. The federal government has warned us of the dangers of smoking cigarettes, but that warning will be as nothing once the tobacco growers' leaf-launched missile is deployed. □

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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

A book buyer's guide for the Holiday Season.

ALLAN BLOOM
Professor, Committee on Social Thought, University of Chicago.

A cautionary tale for our season: Telford Taylor's *Munich;* its tedium testifies to its solidity; the message emerges from the faithful account of the detail of real political life.

The last great statesman who cared for the regime of liberty and knew how to live within its constraints was Winston Churchill. He gives his complete account of statesmanship in *Marlborough, His Life and Times.*

The man who in this century has best penetrated to the core of authentic religious experience is Gershom Sholem. His most comprehensive work of scholarship is *Sabbatai Sevi, the Mystical Messiah,* and the story of the extraordinary life which informed that scholarship is told in *From Berlin to Jerusalem.*

Finally, perennially, Plato's *Republic* and *The Bible.*

PETER BRAESTRUP
Editor of The Wilson Quarterly; *former newsman; author of* Big Story, *an analysis of Vietnam press coverage.*

I offer only two books—as antidotes. For those weary of the solemnities of newspaper pundits, I urge a close reading of Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop,* perennially reissued, the richly comic novel about Fleet Street and reporters covering a zany civil war in Africa. Life for newsmen at home and abroad has been imitating *Scoop* for decades. *Apocalypse Now* and *The Deerhunter* were ballyhooed fantasies Vietnamized by Hollywood for the box office. Neither, of course, comes close to Vietnam's realities, or even to plain human truths. Only one good novel has come out of the war so far: James Webb's superb *Fields of Fire,* both because it truly depicts the harsh complexities of the Marines' war in one of Vietnam's worst sectors, and because it is a genuine novel, not a thinly disguised confessional, with characters who develop, grip the reader, and, later, make him think.

DAVID E. DAVIS, JR.
Editor/Publisher, Car and Driver *magazine.*

Having waited in vain for Jane Pauley to publish her memoirs, I submit the following list of books that I reread in 1980.

Prisoner of Zenda, by Anthony Hope. Class struggle between members of the only class that really counted. I much prefer this view of nineteenth-century Europe to that of Karl Marx. Rudolf Rassendyll is my kind of Victorian gent. Handsome, well-born, essentially worthless but very good with guns, swords, horses, servants, and women, he con-

founds the bad guys, captures the hearts and minds of the good guys, and never lets down the side. Rupert of Hentzau, his negative-image adversary, is an equally charming scoundrel. The Wild West with moats and bannered turrets.

The Civil War, by Shelby Foote. A remarkable history, as compelling as *Shōgun.* For me, the best Civil War work to date. I've carried one or another of the three volumes with me on long overseas trips and missed any number of tourist attractions as a result. Foote brings new life to Lincoln, Grant, and Sherman, and cuts through a lot of the romantic nonsense about their Southern counterparts.

The Killer Angels, by Michael Shaara. The reviewers are all celebrating *Confederates,* by Thomas Keneally, but I figure it'll have to go some to touch me the way this book did. My suspicious prejudice against chivalrous, courtly old Robert E. Lee, with me since I was a child in Kentucky, was confirmed by what I read here. Conversely, I found Joshua Chamberlain, colonel of the 20th Maine, one of the most likable figures in historical fiction/fact. A lovely, thoughtful evocation of a few of the people who fought at Gettysburg.

The Dream Maker, by Bernard A. Weisberger. William Crapo Durant was a natty little man who launched three great automotive empires, which ultimately combined to become the greatest automotive empire of them all, General Motors. He was a plunger and a manipulator, and when it all came crashing down, he had only himself to blame. I was warmed by the revelation that in his days of decline he actually tried to cut a deal with the French builders of the Amilcar, hoping to import it to the United States. What a breath of fresh air that little gem would have been in this land of automotive ironmongery. I wish I'd been there.

The Noble Enemy, by Charles Fox. A highly readable first novel that starts with the death of a fighting dog and ends with the downfall of a smalltown hero-by-mistake. Tough stuff.

Anything by G.A. Henty. Henty wove

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wonderful pre-Doctorow adolescent fiction around real people and real events—wars, usually—in which bright, brave lads from the U.K. would stumble into something like the Thirty Years War, catch the eye of some heavy-hitter like Frederick the Great, distinguish themselves, and return to the tearful acclaim of Mum and all at home. Horatio Alger with clashing swords and the acrid smell of cordite. I commemorate every trip to London with a visit to Henry Sotheran for the express purpose of buying a Henty first edition. Couldn't handle dialogue, but he did great wars. Churchill loved him.

JOSEPH FRANK
Professor of English, University of Massachusetts at Amherst; author of four books on Cromwellian England, editor of half-a-dozen textbooks.

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire by Edward Gibbon: Like a very dry martini, its balanced style is a great pick-me-up, while the author's sanity is especially refreshing in our era of evangelistic superstition.

The Centaur by John Updike: Despite its acknowledged flaws, Updike and I agree that this is his best novel. The story of a boy's growing understanding of and love for his father continues to be haunting, intimate, reassuring.

The Family, Sex and Marriage In England 1500-1800 by Lawrence Stone: Scholarly but far from solemn, this comprehensive survey tells much about why Women's Lib is long overdue and, in the process, makes our own social and sexual relationships seem clean and enlightened.

Sophie's Choice by William Styron: Unlike so many best-sellers, this profoundly tragic story resonates long after you have finished the book. And its nostalgia for the New York of a generation ago is not at all mushy.

LEONARD GARMENT
Attorney, Washington, D.C.

To the end of legitimating lists, most of my recent and truly splendid reading came from other more discriminating readers: from Edmund Wilson, Flaubert's *Madame Bovary;* from Susan Sontag, Elias Canetti's *The Conscience of Words;* from Kenneth Lynn, Louis Auchincloss's *The House of the Prophet;* and from my brother Charlie, Jan Morris's *Destinations.* Rescued from the packing cases and begun while waiting for the moving men in Brooklyn, Henry Kissinger's *A World Restored,* a fascinating and more timely-than-ever study of conservative coherence in a revolutionary world. (Also the key to Kissinger's world.) This is the quality tip of a large literary iceberg. I respectfully decline to itemize the pleasurable soft and hard core *chazerai* that make up the bulk of my current bag of books.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, JR.
Editor-in-Chief, Hearst Newspapers.

Because of eye problems over the past few years, I find book-reading pretty much of a chore, and I depend heavily on publications like *Book Digest* magazine to keep me abreast of current books.

However, recently I have come across three books I read with great satisfaction.

The first is *Public Nuisances* by *The American Spectator's* own R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. His sense of humor and scathing disrespect for phonies parallel my own and surely prejudice me. Irregardless—as Joe Humphries, the famous leather-lunged announcer of the second Madison Square Garden, would say—the book should be read by everyone.

I was always a fan of LBJ and felt Americans treated him shabbily. After all, the Bay of Tonkin resolution passed overwhelmingly in the Congress (only two votes against it) and gave Johnson a mandate for action which we later deserted him for pursuing. Therefore, I read and appreciated Merle Miller's book *LBJ—An Oral Biography,* which captures the warm, human side of this extraordinarily complex Texan who was much more sensitive and responsive than his gruff manner suggested.

In the same category of biography I would place *MacArthur* by William Manchester. He, too, destroys the myth that MacArthur was nothing more than a preening poseur but, indeed, one of history's greatest fighting generals.

SIDNEY HOOK
Emeritus Professor of Philosophy, New York University; Senior Research Fellow, Hoover Institution, Stanford; author among other works of The Quest for Being, *and* 'pragmatism and the Tragic Sense of Life. *His most recent volume is* Philosophy and Public Policy.

1) George Santayana's *Life of Reason* still seems to me to incorporate the wisest and best balanced philosophy of life. One may differ with him on particulars but the perspective of his thought has a perennial validity. Although Santayana denied it, the naturalism of *Life of Reason* is at variance with the Platonism of his *Realms of the Spirit* written after he withdrew from the academy for the cloisters of the contemplative life. The *Life of Reason* should be helpful to minds debauched by the irrationalities of the sixties.

2) *The Gulag Archipelago* by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn—all three volumes! This is what the Cold War is about—not the question of free enterprise versus government control, a matter of degree concerning which reasonable men and women who put freedom first may differ. No one who has read *The Gulag Archipelago* will ever experience undue fear of Communism. I never could understand why men like Sartre in France, Pritt in England, and the lesser fellow travellers in the United States like F. Schuman and Corliss Lamont who denied the existence of the Gulag did not hang themselves after the publication of Solzhenitsyn's work. For that matter, I am puzzled they did not do so after Khrushchev's speech to the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party.

3) John Dewey's *Experience and Nature* —the richest in suggestiveness of all of Dewey's philosophical writings. The world view of contemporary naturalism which recognizes the distinctive role that man plays in nature. Dewey has been neglected rather than refuted by analytic philosophers. The same could be said of his other seminal works: *Democracy and Education, The Quest for Certainty, Logic: The Theory of Inquiry,* and his *Liberalism and Social Action.* I venture the prophecy that he will be rediscovered in future years.

4) Among recent works, it still seems to me that there has not been sufficient recognition of the scholarly achievement and intellectual courage of Allan Weinstein's *Perjury.* Despite a cabal that has sought to discredit Weinstein and his work, anyone who reads it carefully will find that it is a remarkable introduction, as fascinating as it is illuminating, into some important aspects of American social and political history.

5) Finally, in view of the plethora of books on or about Marx in the Western world, especially by individuals calling themselves Marxists but who hold views that Marx would have excoriated, I recommend Leszek Kolakowski's magisterial *Main Currents of Marxism: Its Rise, Growth and Dissolution.* In the future no one should write about Marx without consulting this sympathetic, scholarly, and rigorously critical work. My own differences with it I have detailed in *The American Scholar,* Spring 1980.

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IRVING KRISTOL
Co-editor, The Public Interest;
member, board of contributors,
The Wall Street Journal

I have been on a V.S. Naipaul "kick" and recommend both his fiction and nonfiction to all and sundry. I especially recommend one of his earlier novels which is, in my opinion, a minor classic and has not received the attention it merits: *A House for Mr. Biswas.*

I have also been reading James Billington's *Fire in the Minds of Men,* which is an absolutely fascinating history of the revolutionary idea in the modern era.

RICHARD M. NIXON
Thirty-seventh President of the United States; author, most recently, of
The Real War.

My Christmas list includes some books published before 1980 which I have recently found time to read.

Paul Johnson, *The Offshore Islanders:* A revealing account of the rise and fall of a great people.

Hugh Thomas, *History of the World:* An ambitious project by an author who has the rare ability to evaluate world history with profound insight—going far beyond the superficial overlay of wars and politics.

Robert Nisbet, *History of the Idea of Progress:* Must reading for those who seek positive guidance from the past in order to build a better future.

Arnaud de Borchgrave, *The Spike:* A fascinating blend of truth and fiction. Sophisticated readers will recognize most of the characters on the American scene today.

Raymond Aron, *In Defense of Decadent Europe:* An inadequate title for a profoundly perceptive analysis of the strength and weakness of the West by a foreign policy expert of the first rank.

JOHN M. OLIN
Philanthropist, Conservationist, and Entrepreneur.

A Time for Truth and *A Time for Action* by William E. Simon: two important and eminently readable books about what may prove to be the most critical issue of our day: the connection between economic and political liberty.

The Wealth of Nations by Adam Smith: The book affords crucial insights into human nature, and would make particularly valuable reading for the utopians in our midst who're willing to give it a chance.

P.J. O'ROURKE
Editor-in-Chief of National Lampoon.

A wholly forgotten novel by a half-forgotten novelist, Booth Tarkington's *The Plutocrat* is an uplifting tale of a young New York aesthete's education to the virtues of America through his unwilling acquaintance with a big, loud, swell, midwestern parvenu. The book is a paean to the getting of livings, the doing of works, and the meretricious powers of the once-almighty buck. I suspect it was written as an answer to *Babbitt* and other such fatuous portrayals of American spiritual vacuity. Unfortunately, the virtues *The Plutocrat* celebrates are nearly as unfashionable as its author, so the tome is out of print. But if you were to go to a public library and thread your way through the photography exhibits, movie collections, microfilm viewers, and video display units—back to the musty cobwebbed corner where they still keep books—you might find a copy.

To do justice to the darker side of our large and grumpy nation, I recommend *From the Terrace* by John O'Hara. In my opinion O'Hara is our most underrated novelist, and this is his most underrated novel. It is the story of an upperclassman of parts—intelligent, handsome, brave, and hardworking—whose life comes to nothing. It's an exceptionally pure tragedy with no violent deaths, unnatural disasters, or undeserved durances vile, and it has a great deal to say about why our best and brightest are so often less than best and outright dumb as ditch carp. This book, too, is out of print, as all novels that don't involve satanism, lesbian incest, secret Nazi codes from Mars, and spurious family chronicles from the protosimian to the present no doubt soon will be.

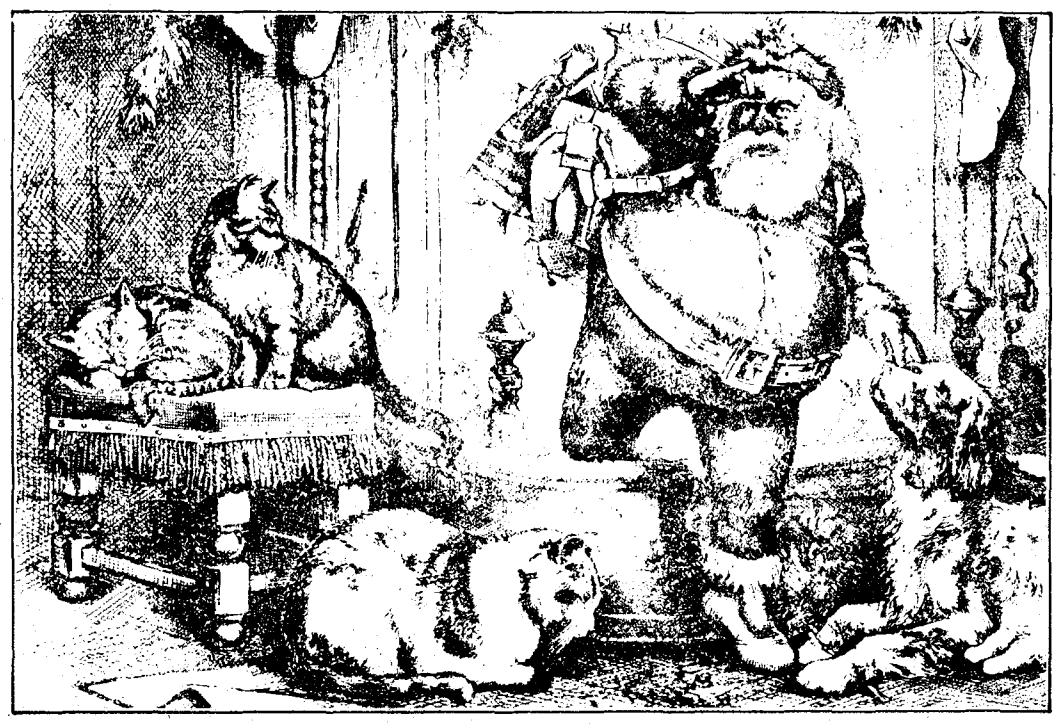
A few of William Sidney Porter's stories, such as "The Gift of the Magi" and "The Ransom of Red Chief," are told, read, dramatized, or have their plots stolen so often that we all think ourselves familiar with his art. But the man was prolific, and a dozen volumes are required to contain his life's work. I commend to you every one of the twelve.

O. Henry should be read with a fat glass of scotch in hand, to muffle laughter when hilarity is preponderate and to open the lacrimal glands when gross sentimentality holds sway. There is no extant complete collection, but such was his popularity in his day that most junk stores have a set or two lying around and they will sell them cheaply if you express disinterest and claim that you need books to level the dresser or something.

Cautionary Verses, the collected poems of Hilaire Belloc, also must be purchased used. Pay any price demanded. Ostensibly his rhymes were for children, though the children who like him best seem to smoke, drink, and grow moustaches with expertise unusual to youth. It would be a disservice to the reader, however, to waste print explaining Mr. Belloc when the same type may be set in such a manner as to quote him.

Sara Byng
Who could not read and was tossed
into a thorny hedge by a bull

. . . Of Sara Byng the tale is told
How when the child was twelve years old
She could not read or write a line.
Her sister Jane, though barely nine,
Could spout the Catechism through
And parts of Matthew Arnold too,
While little Bill who came between
Was quite unnaturally keen
On "Athalie," by Jean Racine.
But not so Sarah! Not so Sal!
She was a most uncultured girl
Who didn't care a pinch of snuff
For any literary stuff
And gave the classics all a miss.
Observe the consequence of this!
As she was walking home one day,
Upon the fields across her way
A gate, securely padlocked, stood,
And by its side a piece of wood
On which was painted plain and full,
BEWARE THE VERY FURIOUS BULL.
Alas! The young illiterate
Went blindly forward to her fate,
And ignorantly climbed the gate!
Now happily the Bull that day
Was rather in the mood for play
Than goring people through and through
As Bulls so very often do;
He tossed her lightly with his horns



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Into a prickly hedge of thorns,
And stood by laughing while she strode
And pushed and struggled to the road.
The lesson was not lost upon
The child, who since has always gone
A long way round to keep away
From signs, whatever they may say,
And leaves a padlocked gate alone.
Moreover she has wisely grown
Confirmed in her instinctive guess
That literature breeds distress.

I feel as if I have sent the reader on a sort of publisher's backlist scavenger hunt, so I would like to recommend one book, at least, which *is* in print. (I think.) This is Winston Groom's novel about the war in Vietnam, *Better Times Than These*. It is a courageously evenhanded look at our erstwhile national mess and a book that does not depend upon sitting among the potsherds heaping ashes on our heads for its appeal. Also, with the exception of *The Quiet American,* it is the only novel about the Indochinese quagmire that stands on its own as a work of fiction. But Winston, who served in Vietnam as an Army lieutenant, has faith in freedom, duty, patriotism, and several other items foreign to the psyche of Graham Greene; and, almost alone among New York intellectuals of his generation, Winston believes we had every right and reason to fight the nasty Vietcong and the execrable North Vietnamese.

MARTIN PERETZ
Editor-in-Chief and Publisher,
The New Republic.

The most extraordinary fiction I have read this year is something I had also read last year: Elsa Morante's *History: A Novel* amply merits this rereading. Against a tableau of great and traumatic events, Miss Morante has drawn several taut psychological portraits of people whom either fear or youthful innocence and, in any case, also circumstances destroy. A book so engrossing, it is hard to put down; despite moments of joy and of humor too, it is a book hard to stay with, so exquisite and painful is the relentless dénouement to tragedy.

J.B. Kelly's *Arabia, the Gulf and the West* may be the most important study of contemporary political history to be written in the postwar era. There is already underway in establishment circles an effort to bury or at least to neutralize this devastating narrative of how and why the elites of the industrial societies allowed us to be put at the mercy of religious fanatics, political primitives, and economic gangsters. In scope, in vision, and in literary power, Kelly's volume bears comparison to Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France.* Some two years ago I wrote of Bernard-Henri Lévy's *Barbarism with a Human Face* that it had "changed the mind of a generation." Well, it surely did that in France; in the United States, however, it was a commercial dud and so changed almost no one's mind, though it infuriated the class of academics who were eager for Eurocommunist victories in Italy and France as a vast new opportunity for research in the social sciences. Now comes Lévy with his *The Testament of God,* also having agitated the French intelligentsia, again to near-certain neglect by American critics who resent the aggressive truthfulness of his politics and won't therefore trouble to ponder his philosophy. This is a shame because the new book is a brilliant and astonishing argument for monotheism as the incorruptible antagonist to the idolatries of totalitarian movements and totalitarian states. Horace Judson's *The Eighth Day of Creation* is a vivid evocation and meticulous narrative of the discoveries in genetics and biochemistry in (yes, it is the right phrase) the mysteries of life. This book both vindicates the scientific adventure and tells how it happens.

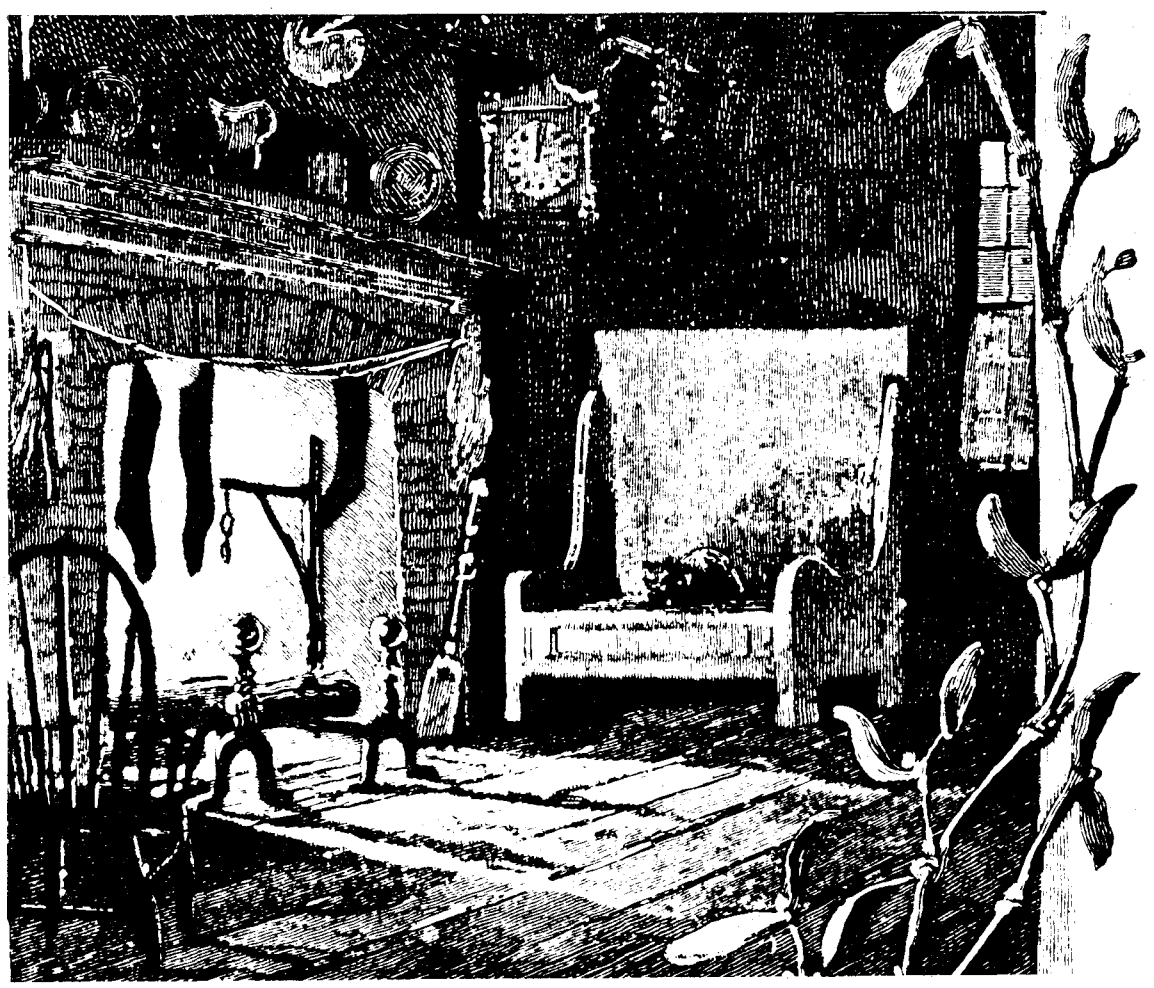
Isaiah Berlin's *Against the Current,* a collection of essays in the history of ideas—a mode in which only a few Americans excel—includes a disruptively provocative discussion of Disraeli as statesman and court Jew, the latter being a not uncommon type in the West. Two such are treated in biographies of the past year. *Being Bernard Berenson* by Meryle Secrest is a devastating study of a man who made his name and fortune as an authenticator of the genius of others. His life, it turns out, was full of falsehoods, large and small, and the first lie was his turning away from his Jewish self. Ronald Steel's wonderfully written and definitive account *Walter Lippmann and the American Century* was intended as a sympathetic evocation. But brilliant and successful as Lippmann was, he is revealed as a pathetic man, a sycophant when young, a pretender in middle age. He was so frightened of his Jewish origins that this commentator on just about everything said not a stern word ever against Hitler's anti-Semitic outrages. The achievements of Gershom Scholem, the great illuminator of Jewish mysticism, will survive long after Berenson and Lippmann have become mere footnotes to the ages, their proper place. For what else can a courtier to the genuinely powerful be? In contrast to these lives, it is exhilarating to read Scholem's voyage *From Berlin to Jerusalem,* a seemingly casual memoir though rich in detail of weighty times, but also a prototype of the spiritual journey which modern Jews will be obliged to make, not so much in order to be Jews but simply to be free men and free women.

MORDECAI RICHLER
Author of Joshua Then and Now, St. Urbain's Horseman, The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz, *and other novels.*

1) *The Second Coming* by Walker Percy. Mr. Percy is a superb novelist, certainly one of the most original and enjoyable at work in America today. I read everything he writes with immense pleasure.

2) *China Men* by Maxine Hong Kingston. This memoir of Chinese-American experience is unique. It's like peering through a window that I (stupidly, perhaps) never even suspected existed before.

BAYARD RUSTIN
Chairman, A. Philip Randolph Institute;



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Author of Down the Line.

The Declining Significance of Race by William Julius Wilson. This profound book aroused a great deal of controversy in civil rights circles when it was first published in 1978. Today, the arguments Professor Wilson makes about the dominant role of social and economic factors in perpetuating the existence of the black underclass are beyond dispute. Any informed discussion of the problems of the "culture of poverty" must begin with this book as its basis.

History's Carnival by Leonid Plyushch. Plyushch's book is an account of a Soviet dissident's intellectual odyssey. It is made all the more fascinating by the fact that Plyushch, a Ukrainian mathematician who endured the living hell of three years in Soviet psychiatric-prison hospitals, remains a dedicated proponent of democratic socialism. His very readable and moving account touches on such topics as the national question in the USSR, racism, and the growth of dissent.

Workers' Rights—East and West by Adrian Karatnycky, Alexander J. Motyl, and Adolph Sturmthal. This study, commissioned by the League for Industrial Democracy well in advance of the Polish strikes, is an examination of the status of workers' rights in the United States, the Soviet Union, and Eastern and Western Europe. It is an excellent compendium on the status of free trade unionism and makes a compelling argument for the interrelationship between independent trade unions and democracy.

Democracy and Mediating Structures edited by Michael Novak. Although it is an uneven collection of essays, I do not hesitate to recommend this anthology because it contains a brilliantly argued defense of the role of trade unions in American society by Tom Kahn, who serves as Assistant to AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland.

R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.
Editor-in-Chief, The American Spectator.

"We've forced him to become a dictator," Mr. Italo "Iron Beard" Balbo, veteran of the March on Rome, said, while standing at the doorstep of the Duce's 23-year reign, "but Mussolini just isn't made of the right stuff." How true and how amusing. Richard Collier's 1971 biography, *Duce!* engagingly illustrates how societies fall apart and look for salvation from total clowns. Had Mr. Mussolini been born in America, I am quite confident he could have become an admired congressman, renowned for his compassion, audacity, and all the public policy quackeries now favored by the progressive brethren. While discussing memorable Italians let me suggest the work of a great one, Francesco Guicciardini. Luigi Barzini first recommended this wise sixteenth-century historian and statesman to me, and I recommend him to you. Read the Oxford University Press's collection of his *Selected Writings* and his History of Italy, that being another account of how prosperous countries fall apart when governed by one too many lunkheads for one too many years. Gordon Wood's 1969 *The Creation of the American Republic, 1776-1787,* is a scholarly chronicle of the masterly work of one of the few groups of politicians that ever accomplished more good than harm. Students of our present geopolitical pickle must read *The White House Years* by Henry Kissinger, and *The Real War* by the real Nixon. Finally, let me suggest Evelyn Waugh's novels, particularly *Black Mischief, Scoop,* and *Men at Arms.* They are short and sweet, and when read along with Guicciardini they remind one of how little the representatives of Homo sapiens change, despite the rise of mental hygiene and Dr. Alexander Comfort.

JOHN VON KANNON
Assistant to the president at the Heritage Foundation, a Washington-based public policy research institute; former publisher of The American Spectator.

As a recent Washington resident, I quickly learned that everyone talks about—and seems to read—the same things. Biographies are hot items, presumably because they are filled with anecdotes that can be chuckled over at cocktail parties and "working" breakfasts. Two recent monosyllabic titles are making the circuit: *Tip* and *Will.*

Tip is a biography of Tip O'Neill, Speaker of the House, by Paul Clancy and Shirley Elder. These two Washington journalists provide the most recent examples of how Democrats are forgiven for their extreme partisanship, and understood in light of their backgrounds—a lesson we should be reminded of occasionally.

Will, G. Gordon Liddy's autobiography, is better written than *Tip,* which may tell us something about the relative merits of journalism school and the FBI training program. At any rate, Stewart Alsop has said that Liddy would have been a national hero had his career spanned World War II. This is the story of a man who had neither the good fortune to have been born earlier, nor the sense to realize it.

I don't call either of these great books, but they do give an idea of what the folks in Washington are reading—or at least talking about.

A more serious book, which all of Washinton *should* be reading, is *The Present Danger* by Norman Podhoretz. It's the most thoughtful election-year book in recent times, written by one of the most thoughtful men in America. □

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EUROPEAN DOCUMENT

THE PARIS SYNAGOGUE BOMBING

by Raymond Aron

Is there a new anti-Semitism in France? This question has been the subject of some rather heated debate in the past two or three years. As Raymond Aron points out in the editorial taken from L'Express *of 18 October which we are reprinting here, the social basis of anti-Semitism is today radically different from that which obtained in the 1930s. Not only are there practically no overt anti-Semites in France today, whereas in the thirties it was perfectly possible to make a political or journalistic career on the basis of anti-Semitic ideas; the Jews of France themselves are very different from those of the thirties. The old French Jewish community traces its roots back to the early Middle Ages, when it was concentrated in the East (Alsace) and the Southwest, long before the people of Brittany, Burgundy, Corsica, and other regions felt themselves to be French. Between the world wars, a large number of emigrants from Eastern Europe joined this community. They were the first ones turned over by the collaborationist authorities to the Nazis, on the grounds that this would protect the "real Frenchmen."*

The present community, numbering some 700,000 souls, counts a growing majority of Jews from North Africa. These are committed Frenchmen, of course, but they are also more aggressively assertive of themselves and of their communal interest, less interested in assimilation, more actively concerned with the security of Israel, than many (though not all) of their coreligionists. It is some of the younger hotheads among these North-African-French Jews whom Raymond Aron takes to task for not marching under the French flag, and quite rightly so when one remembers that it was Charles De Gaulle who warned a group of Jewish officers, after the liberation of France: "We've beaten them, but beware: they will come back."

Since there is no reason to believe that anti-Semitism will ever disappear, Jews of the Diaspora must be prepared to combat it not only as Jews but also, like De Gaulle's compagnons*—one of whom was Raymond Aron, although he often criticized De Gaulle in later years—as citizens of the countries to which they belong. As for the attack on the synagogue in the rue Copernic, what clues have been found strongly suggest some kind of Libyan or PLO connection. This in turn suggests that the Soviet secret services could be involved. Nothing yet has been proven, but it would hardly be the first time that the KGB, or another service from the Bloc, has used fascists for its own ends—the creation of instability and political chaos in every non-Communist country, as M. Aron duly notes.*

—Roger Kaplan

Millions of Frenchmen were horrified by news of the attack on the rue Copernic Synagogue. The nation was swept by a wave of indignation: 35 years after Auschwitz, terrorists had tried to kill Frenchmen—about to leave their synagogue after praying together—simply because they were Jews. All the political parties, trade unions, and religious and moral authorities denounced the crime and declared their solidarity with the wounded community. Sincere or not—and most were sincere—these expressions of solidarity saved the Jewish community from a sense of alienation, a feeling of being abandoned, which would have led it to despair.

Spokesmen of the community, including the chief rabbi and the leaders of CRIF [the central body of major French-Jewish organizations], issued dignified statements and called upon young people to exercise moderation. Inevitably, they blamed the authorities, not so much for what had just happened as for the obvious ineffectiveness of the officials responsible for public order who must have known of the increase in recent months and even years in the number of anti-Semitic acts (desecrations of cemeteries, attacks on synagogues, threatening letters, etc.). I would like here to distinguish between criticism which I believe one can legitimately make of the men in power, and, on the other hand, the partisan exploitation of this tragedy.

Neither the instructions given to the Minister of the Interior by President Giscard d'Estaing nor even his letter to the chief rabbi was appropriate to the situation. Along with many others, I expected him to appear immediately on television. But Giscard, to whom anti-Semitism is foreign, perhaps even because it seems foreign to him, failed to understand that the attack was not a trivial news item, but a historical event whose echo would be heard around the world. To make it clear that there had been no rebirth of anti-Semitism in France, the chief of state should have lost no time in saying what needed to be said to the Jews and in ostracizing the criminal attackers from the nation.

The life of a Jew is worth no more or less than that of any other Frenchman, or any other man. Killers had also struck in Bologna and Munich. But blind terrorism—no less despicable in Italy and Germany—was aimed in France at Jews, and by that very fact took on a symbolic meaning. There is no movement or ideology which singles out travelers on trains or beer-drinkers. In Paris, however, indiscriminate terrorism did discriminate and chose neither a train station nor a fair, but a synagogue.

On the following day, the government had no minister representing it at a memorial service on the rue Copernic, although the first secretary of the Socialist party, François Mitterand, was present. We know full well that neither the Prime Minister nor the Minister of the Interior can be suspected of harboring mental reservations on this issue. But the Minister of the Interior, to judge from his words if not from his acts, had clearly underestimated the growing threat of violence from the extreme Right. The Prime Minister*, by an unfortunate turn of phrase, opened himself to attacks whose low character can scarcely be excused by the

Raymond Aron is a columnist for the French weekly L'Express, *from which this essay is reprinted.*

*He referred to the passers-by as "innocent," as if the intended victims, the Jews, were not.—Ed.

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confusion and excitement of public opinion.

Having said all this, I must say that I was not impressed by the "moderation" of the demonstrators who shouted, "Giscard is an accomplice," and I regret that the French flag was not carried in the march along the Champs-Élysées, next to the blue flag with the Star of David.

The situation of 1980 has nothing in common with that of the thirties. In those days, which seem so distant and yet so close to me, the appearance of Leon Blum on the screen of cinemas in good neighborhoods provoked cries of "Dirty Jew" and "Kike." The daily, *L'Action française,* actively nurtured in Parisian intellectual and political circles an anti-Semitism which was based on a theory different from Hitlerian racism but which could hardly be considered inoffensive. Today, no party or newspaper openly professes anti-Semitism. No elected official, either in the National Assembly, or in the Senate, or in the regional and local assemblies, would ever admit to being an anti-Semite. If anti-Semitism exists, it is camouflaged—which at least proves that it has not yet become respectable again.

To be sure, books and newspapers have turned new attention to the Jewish community and have noted that this community has been transformed by the arrival of Jews from North Africa. For about twenty years after the war, for obvious reasons, there was general silence on the Jewish issue. This taboo no longer exists. It may be that a new anti-Semitism is arising because of the settling of refugees from Algeria in a number of cities where they are viewed as a threat to certain interests.

There is no proof that the killers, the tiny fascist or neo-Nazi groups, have come out of this defused, latent, unavowed anti-Semitism. We should not make the mistake of confusing anti-Semitism and terrorism. Since the same International is being blamed for the attacks in Bologna, Munich, and on rue Copernic, we are dealing with an attempt at destabilization which is terroristic in its essence and anti-Semitic by accident. France contains the largest, most active, and most visible Jewish community in Western Europe. To alienate it from the French nation would be the best way to tear France apart.

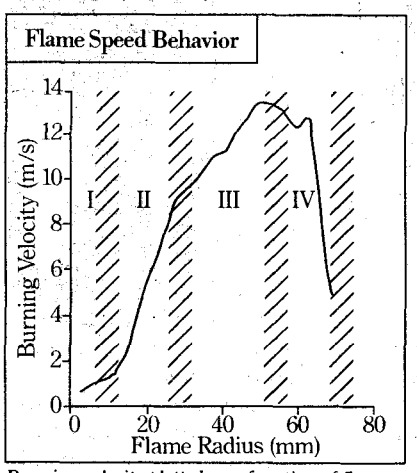
The Jews complain that the authorities have not been guaranteeing their personal and material security. They are asking for nothing more than other Frenchmen. Theirs is a legitimate expectation, but no state has been able to satisfy it entirely without sacrificing freedoms. The killers of Henri Curiel and Pierre Goldman have not been found any more than those who placed bombs in the apartments of Mourousi, Boiteux, and Jean Dutourd. Terrorism is not easy to stop. Four hundred attacks have been recorded in Brittany, for example. It has taken years for the police to neutralize activists in Brittany, Corsica, and among the extreme left-wing groups.

In 1968 the police was unfamiliar with the tiny groups on the extreme Left which played an important role in the events of May of that year, for during the preceding years it had concentrated on the OAS, in other words, on the right-wing movements. It may be that today we are witnessing a similar phenomenon. During the seventies, the police was chiefly concerned with left-wing extremism, and it learned little and still knows very little about the terrorists who follow the swastika, not to speak of those who may be manipulating them from abroad.

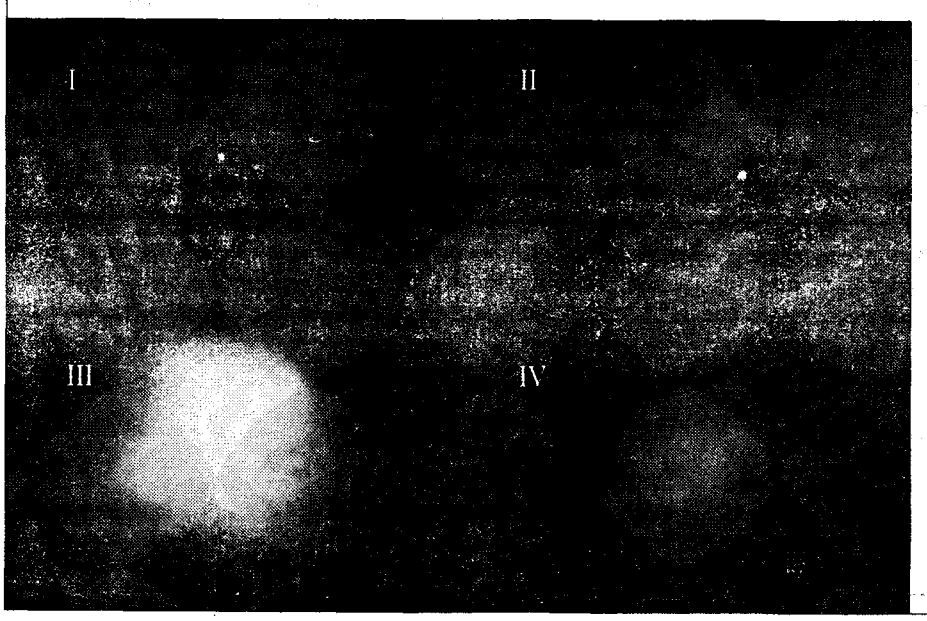
The government, to be sure, has given the impression that it did not consider the threat from the Right to be serious. On this point criticism is

The Turbulence Parameter

Energy-efficient operation of the internal combustion engine requires the highly turbulent movement of fuel and air in the chamber. Recent advances at the General Motors Research Laboratories provide a new basis for determining what degree of turbulence will get the most work from each drop of fuel.



Burning velocity plotted as a function of flame radius. Combustion stages are indicated by roman numerals.



High-speed photographs showing flame evolution (lasting six milliseconds) through four stages: initiation (I); flame growth (II); full development (III); termination (IV).

WITHOUT TURBULENCE, the highly agitated motion of cylinder gases, combustion would take place too slowly for the gasoline engine to function. Predicting combustion behavior in order to design engines with greater fuel efficiency depends upon understanding the relationship between vital, turbulent gas motions and burning rate. The challenge is to quantify this relationship—a complex task made more difficult by the requirements of measuring a transient event occurring in a few milliseconds within a small, confined space.

New knowledge of how turbulence affects flame speed has been revealed in fundamental studies conducted at the General Motors Research Laboratories by Drs. Frederic Matekunas and Edward Groff. Their investigative results have been incorporated into a model that successfully predicts the effect of engine design and operating conditions on power and fuel economy.

The researchers separated their experiments into two phases. In the first phase, they measured turbulence in the engine cylinder; in the second phase, they determined flame speeds over a broad range of operating conditions. Testing took place in a specially designed, single-cylinder engine equipped with a transparent piston to permit high-speed filming of the combustion event.

Hot-wire anemometry was applied to measure the turbulent flows while the engine was operated without combustion. Instantaneous velocities were calculated from the anemometer signals and simultaneous measurements of gas temperature and pressure. More than 400,000 pieces of data were processed for each ten-second measurement period.

The significant measure of turbulence is its "intensity," defined as the fluctuating component of velocity. Because conditions in the cylinder are both transient within cycles and variant between cycles, separating the fluctuating and mean components of velocity is inherently difficult. The researchers overcame this problem by using a probe with two orthogonal wires properly aligned with the direction of the mean flow.

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well taken. But those who keep saying, "I warned that there would be an increase of violence and they paid no attention," are being demagogic. To foresee an increase in violence is one thing. To prevent it, without adequate and precise information, is another.

In a style which Pascal would have termed jesuitical, the editor-in-chief of *Le Monde,* while leaving to his staff the job of dragging the authorities through the mud, has taken on the intellectuals: "Certain writings are circulating which, although they should not be banned, are benefiting from silence and tolerance on the part of the powerful media, and even of the leaders of opinion." I suppose he is referring to the new Right. But which opinion leaders? If Jacques Fauvet is aiming at someone, he should name him!

If one is to believe him, then "an entire intellectual class, which dominates certain news circles and the big media, has forgotten [through a habit of attacking Marxism] to reply to, and even to pay attention to, the articles and books which express a doctrine that is fundamentally authoritarian, elitist, and racist." An authoritarian doctrine is not necessarily racist. Jacques Fauvet does not wish to see these articles and works banned. Almost all the newspapers have discussed the themes of the new Right, with no result other than to give it an importance which it does not deserve.

Do the writings in question encourage, whether wittingly or not, the neo-Nazis? Maybe. Do these writings inspire passions in young people which their authors claim they do not share? Perhaps. There is nothing new to the notion that ideas are dangerous, but ideas and acts should not be lumped together. The murderers from the rue Copernic are a matter for the police; the writings of Alain de Benoist and Louis Pauwels are a matter for discussion.

To be sure, Pierre Brisson would turn in his grave were he to contemplate the fate of his newspaper, particularly the weekend *Figaro* magazine. That Louis Pauwels should be running the cultural section of a great, middle-road, and national newspaper is something which surprises me and, I am sure, many others as well. I am even more surprised that colleagues of Pierre Brisson, or a man like Jean d'Ormesson, should give their support to the metamorphosis of *Le Figaro.* But, in the final analysis, everyone must act in accordance with his own conscience, and we are still very far away from the rue Copernic.

As for Jacques Fauvet, the election of his successor should give him pause. With Claude Julien at one extreme and Robert Hersant at the other, we are in great shape.†

A substantial number of people in the Jewish community have been critical of the government's policy towards Israel. Spoiling a perfect chance to keep quiet, the Prime Minister of Israel declared that French diplomacy in the Near East has encouraged the growth of anti-Semitism.

French Jews, or Jewish Frenchmen, have the same right to criticize the foreign policy of their government as do all other citizens. They would be doing themselves an injustice, however, if they were to harbor the illusion that they can have greater influence with the government through the exercise of a lobby.

Anti-Zionism sometimes serves as

†M. Aron is referring to the fact that *Le Monde's* next editor-in-chief, elected by the staff, will be Claude Julien, a man well-known for his leftist, anti-American views, while Robert Hersant, publisher of *Le Figaro,* is a man of the old Vichy Right.

In the combustion phase, tests were performed at over one hundred operating conditions of varied spark timing, spark plug location, engine speed and intake valve geometry. Detailed thermodynamic analyses were applied to the recorded cylinder pressures to calculate flame speeds throughout combustion. High-speed films were analyzed frame by frame to validate flame speeds and to characterize how gas motions influence the initial flame.

The researchers used these measured flame speeds, turbulence intensities, and the conditions under which they occurred to formulate a burning law for engine flames. They divided the combustion event into four stages. The initiation stage begins with ignition and ends as the flame grows to consume one percent of the fuel mass. In the second stage, the flame accelerates and thickens in response to the turbulent field. The third stage exhibits peak flame speed. In the final stage, the thick flame interacts increasingly with the chamber walls and decelerates.

OVER THE RANGE of turbulent intensities encountered in engines, the researchers were able to describe the turbulent burning velocity, S_T, during the critical third stage of combustion with the expression:

$$S_T = 2.0\, S_L + 1.2\, u'\, P_R^{0.82}\, \beta$$

S_L, the laminar flame speed—a known function of pressure, temperature and mixture composition—is the flame speed that would exist without turbulence. The variable u′ is the turbulence intensity. P_R represents a pressure ratio accounting for combustion-induced compression of the unburned mixture. The dimensionless factor β accounts for the effect of spark timing on geometric distortion of the flame which occurs during the first combustion stage and persists into the later stages.

The researchers also observed that the burning velocity in the second stage increases in proportion to flame radius, and that in predicting the energy release rate from the burning velocity equation, it is necessary to account for the finite flame-front thickness.

"The form of our burning equation," says Dr. Matekunas, "shows a satisfying resemblance to expressions for non-engine flames. This helps link complex engine combustion phenomena to the existing body of knowledge on turbulent flames."

"We see this extension," adds Dr. Groff, "as a significant step toward optimizing fuel economy in automotive engines."

THE MEN BEHIND THE WORK

Drs. Matekunas and Groff are senior engineers in the Engine Research Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Both researchers hold undergraduate and graduate degrees in the field of mechanical engineering.

Dr. Matekunas (right) received his M.S. and Ph. D. from Purdue University, where he completed graduate work in advanced optics applications.

Dr. Groff (left) received an M.S. from California Institute of Technology and a Ph. D. from The Pennsylvania State University. His doctoral thesis explored the combustion of liquid metals.

General Motors welcomed Dr. Matekunas to its staff in 1973, and Dr. Groff in 1977.

GM General Motors
People building transportation to serve people

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a cover for anti-Semitism. Not always. At any rate, if all those who object to certain aspects of Israeli policies should pass for anti-Semites, Israel itself would have more of them than France.

We Jews were deeply encouraged by François Mitterand's remarks [after the attack]. But when he spoke of the Near East, he recognized both the right of the Israelis to "live in peace within secure and recognized borders," and the right of the Palestinians to have a nation. No more than Giscard d'Estaing, who also recognizes these two rights, does Mitterand hold the miraculous secret of how to reconcile them. He would demean himself were he to exploit a national tragedy for electoral ends and lend himself to the sinister comedy of an anti-fascist front with Communist party leader Georges Marchais. Especially since, in the long run, this demagoguery would not help him.

In conclusion, I wish to recall one essential fact: We do not know who the killers are. In Antwerp, the site of another anti-Semitic attack [earlier this year], the bomb was thrown by Arabs led by a Palestinian organization. We are analyzing French anti-Semitism when the true authors of these crimes may belong to terrorist organizations that can be traced to Libya, and probably beyond. The French authorities are not unaware of the sources of the funds and weapons used by extremists—by Irishmen, Basques, Corsicans. Why shouldn't the government say that the Corsican independence fighters are being supplied by Libya?

It is said, and I agree, that we must be prudent in our relations with the Arab countries. But one's complacence toward the oil producers—who are also buyers of our weapons—has its limits. If a country goes beyond these limits, it runs the risk of losing its soul, and also of losing its life. □

PRESSWATCH

BILLY LIE

by Michael Ledeen

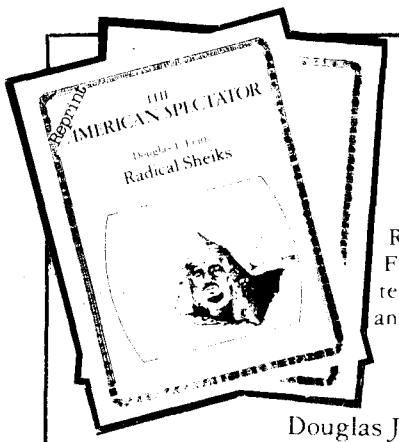
I got a real insight into the way the news business is manipulated in late October, following publication of a story by Arnaud de Borchgrave and myself in the *New Republic*. The story had it that Billy Carter had met in Libya with Yasir Arafat—the head of the PLO—and George Habash—the most extremist Palestinian terrorist leader, and head of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. In addition, we revealed that the Libyan intelligence organization was totally run by East Germany, and that the head of the Libyan Foreign Liaison Office—the person who arranged for the $220,000 "loan" to Billy—was himself a high intelligence official. Finally, we wrote that Jimmy Carter had prevailed upon Egyptian president Anwar Sadat to call off an Egyptian operation designed to topple the Qaddafi regime in Libya, and that Billy had received an extra $50,000.

Michael Ledeen is Executive Editor of the Washington Quarterly.

The *New Republic* syndicates these articles through the *New York Times'* syndicate, and we were surprised to learn that one of the first newspapers to buy the story from the syndicate was the *Times* itself. But the next day we found that the story had not been run at all, but was buried on the very last page of the first section (page 34, for the record), under a headline proclaiming that Billy denied meeting with Arafat. The "story" mentioned our article, carried a grudging acknowledgment from Billy (who had never responded to *our* phone calls) that he had met Habash, and also a denial of meeting Arafat or of receiving the extra money. In the meantime, the story was front-page news all over the country, and indeed worldwide (it was the cover story in *Now!* in England, for example). The *Times* obviously didn't think it was worthwhile. But this leaves us with the question, why did they buy it (for a reported $500)? If they didn't intend to print it, they could have saved money, after all, by simply ignoring it in the first instance, and then picking it up from the wires later on for sake of completeness.

Some people suspected that the *Times* had bought it in order to kill the story in New York, at least for a while. The terms of syndication provide that only one newspaper in each area may purchase rights to the article, and this meant that the *Post* and the *News*—along with *Newsday*—could be effectively blacked out for at least 24 hours, by which time the story might be "dead." I'm not sure about this, but the subsequent behavior of the "news" staff of the paper certainly indicates a guilty conscience. One week after publication, Reed Irvine's gadfly operation Accuracy in Media bought half a page in the *Times* to raise these and other questions openly. After recounting the story of our article and the *Times* (terming the newspaper's behavior a "pre-emptive spike"), Accuracy in Media pointed out that the *Times* had neglected to inform its readers about other aspects of the Billy Carter saga in the past.

The *Times* reacted by placing the ad in the second section, and resorted to the unusual device of placing a denial—masqueraded as a news story—next to the ad. In the denial the



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Douglas J. Feith

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Times' national news editor was quoted as saying that I had been interviewed and had said that there was only one source for the story, that the source was unreachable, and that the *Times* had tried to obtain documentation or confirmation for our story and could not. (This latter charge would be used as an excuse for ignoring the story by people at the networks as well.)

It was a shocking performance, since even the printed article in the *New Republic* had identified multiple sources for various aspects of our story, and no one from the *Times* had spoken to me in an attempt to get documentation or confirmation of the *New Republic* story. I had, to be sure, had a brief semi-serious conversation with my friend Richard Burt in the newsroom, when he had asked me if one of the sources named in our article—Michele Papa of Catania—would be able to confirm what we had written. I laughingly said I doubted Papa would be available to confirm a story that had probably enraged his Libyan paymasters (Papa is the man who invited Billy Carter to Libya). That was all. So that even if Burt had somehow convinced himself that our conversation had been an "interview" (he had said he was not working on the story when we spoke, so I doubt he told his editors that he had conducted an interview with me), the *Times* was not entitled to write what it wrote.

In the meantime, a related story was breaking, this time from Capitol Hill. The Justice Department's Office of Professional Responsibility issued a report to the Senate on "Billygate," concluding, *inter alia,* that the President had been most uncooperative (stonewalling is the term that used to be applied), that Billy Carter had repeatedly lied, and that Attorney General Civiletti had at least once stated an untruth, and "knew he was dissembling when he said it." Pretty serious stuff, no? Page 19 for the *Times.*

Still, with all that the *Times* did a lot better than the *Washington Post,* which chose to ignore the *New Republic* story altogether, and whose first story on the Justice Report suggested that it was a purely political operation. The networks totally ignored the *New Republic* story, but gave adequate time to the Justice Report, dropping it when their hostage extravaganza finally showed some signs of life on the last two days before the election.

Last, there is the matter of the coverage of my deposition before the Special Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, charged with investigating the Billy Carter saga. Here journalists only cared about one thing: the $50,000, and the evidence for it. The evidence in this case—as stated in our story—was the testimony of Signore Papa, the man who brought Billy to Libya in the first place. But when I repeated this under oath, the newsies acted as if I had "revealed a source," for most of the stories treated it that way. The rest of the material—top government and intelligence sources for the meeting with Habash and Arafat, a recent Libyan defector for the activities of the East Germans and the Libyan intelligence organization, high-level Egyptian and West European sources for Jimmy's intervention with Sadat—did not interest them. They only cared about the possibility that Billy may have gotten more.

The upshot of these events, in my opinion, is that we are in a pretty bad way. Whatever one may think about the *Times,* its behavior was highly unprofessional toward me, and clumsily politicized in its treatment of the

(Continued on page 40.)

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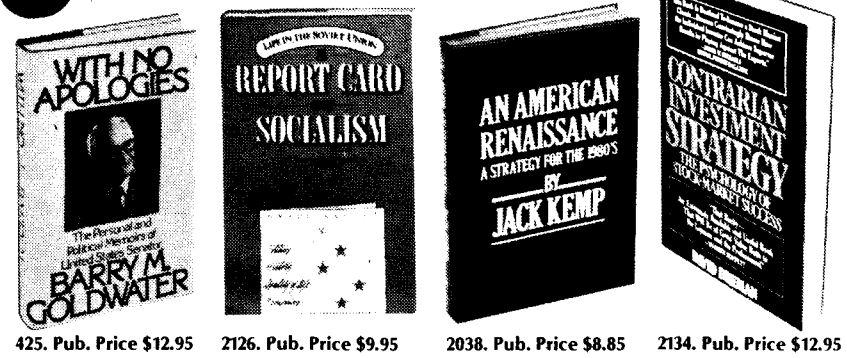

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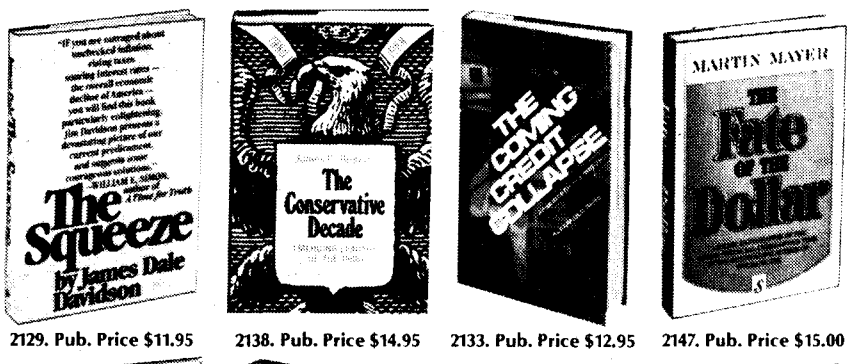
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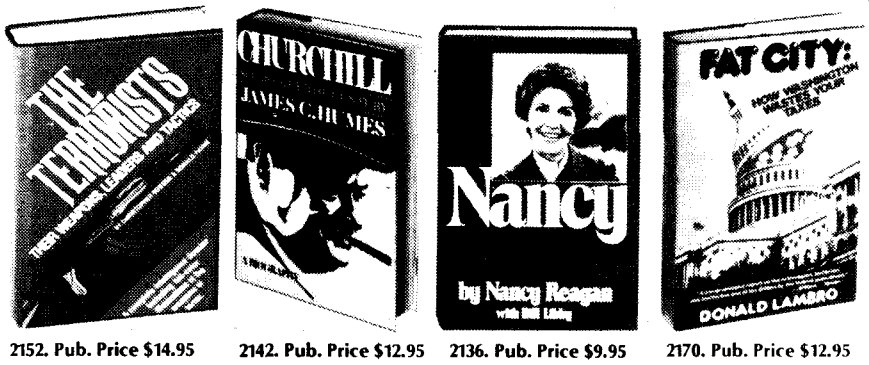

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MAZURSKY TRIO

by John Podhoretz

In Paúl Mazursky's *Willie and Phil,* the title characters love each other, though they are not homosexuals, and they both love Jeannette, who loves them both. Since she is not a homosexual either, she has affairs with each of them, first with Willie, whom she marries when she is eight months pregnant with his child, and then with Phil after Willie goes to India to find himself. When Willie returns, he and Phil both sleep on the floor, not able to decide which one should go to Jeannette. Finally she leaves them, and, we are told at the end, the two men go on to lead very ordinary lives.

This is the plot of *Willie and Phil.* It is not surprising that Mazursky, who wrote and directed, should make a movie with such a weak story; his good films (with the exception of his wonderful, autobiographical *Next Stop Greenwich Village*) have no story to speak of. *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* is a series of revue sketches about life in California, and *Blume in Love* is a rambling tale of the passion the title character felt for his ex-wife. But what is surprising about *Willie and Phil* is how thin and lifeless it is. It is the work of a man who has lost the comic spark that was his only real gift.

In the late sixties and early seventies, as Hollywood was leaping onto the "New Consciousness" bandwagon, Mazursky was making good-natured but deadly accurate fun of the attitudes and moods of the day. In *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas,* which he wrote but did not direct, a square Jewish lawyer takes one bite of a marijuana-spiked brownie and soon thereafter becomes a hippie. In *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice,* a woman who has just had her consciousness "raised" follows a waiter into a restaurant kitchen, attempting to prove to him how much she "loves" him. In *Blume in Love,* Stephen Blume and his wife, who meet at a rally for the United Farm Workers, go through yoga and health food together before she kicks him out for sleeping with his black secretary, and Blume becomes friends with his ex-wife's new lover, with whom he smokes dope and laughs a great deal. Mazursky, with satire as his stock in trade, got underneath the skins of his characters, showed what made them tick, and portrayed their lives, their homes, and even their analysts with such precision that it wasn't necessary to parade them around in a coherent story. They seemed so real that their lives needed no drama, no structure, through which we could better understand them.

But in *Willie and Phil,* even more than in his last movie, *An Unmarried Woman,* everything is awry. No longer do the people seem real, no longer do their lives make sense, and no longer can the absence of a story seem tolerable. Mazursky's characters have increasingly become emblematic figures in his own ideological journey. Mazursky wishes to put the seventies on film, but instead he has made a movie about three vapid people, two of whom he characterizes only in a joke: Willie, a Jewish schoolteacher, wants to be a concert jazz pianist, and Phil, an Italian photographer, wants to be a Jewish intellectual. Having said this by means of a narrator, Mazursky does not even feel compelled to make their actions fit the joke. And as for Jeannette—well, she is so mysterious, so elusive, so breathtakingly Mother Earthish, so much, in fact, the perfect woman of feminist fantasy, that Mazursky doesn't even bother to make her comprehensible in a joke. She wants nothing—she simply *is.*

Phil is Italian, and so he says "aay" very often, acts as though he is always suffering from a dyspeptic ulcer, and cries and laughs and talks very loud. Willie is Jewish, and so he is thin and sensitive, good-looking with a big nose and a slight Brooklyn accent, teaches *Hamlet* in a high school in the South Bronx, finds that, as a Jew, it is difficult for him to buy a German car, and is in general quite dreadfully earnest. These two, hackneyed and cliché-ridden as they are, are more believable than Jeannette, who appears in Greenwich Village from Kentucky, is beautiful, doesn't curse, and is forever saying things like, "Don't tell me that you love me, just love me," and declares, "I never made any promises," to her husband. She flips a coin to choose between the two men, Willie wins, and she moves in with him in what is supposed to be a platonic relationship but which, after five minutes in Willie's impossibly huge and glamorous Greenwich Village apartment, develops into a beautifully sexual one. She tells Phil, who loves her, not to love her, but as soon as Willie is gone she jumps into the sack with him as well, sleeps with neither of them upon Willie's return, and then, suddenly, takes off. We last see her in the arms of Igor, a Russian dancer.

While almost everything in the movie is wrong—from the ridiculous elegance of Willie's parents' home in Brooklyn, to the almost suburban farmhouse in rural Kentucky that Jeannette's father, a penniless traveling salesman, somehow left to Jeannette's mother, and from the *oy veys* of the newly Buddhist Willie to the *goombahs* of the hopefully Jewish Phil—nothing is more inaccurate and confused than Jeannette's character. Everything about her, what she says about her freedom, her lack of commitment, her wish to make no promises, and her attitude of superiority to these men, suggests that she has taken a crash course in the works of the Women's Liberation movement. But never do we see a copy of *The Feminine Mystique* or *The Second Sex* on her night table, nor do we ever see her with any other women besides her sister, her mother, and Willie's and Phil's mothers. She seems to have come into this world a full-blown feminist free-spirit, naming her child Zelda and having absolute domain over her own and her lovers' actions. This girl from Kentucky has never had her consciousness raised, yet she could pose for the cover of *Ms.* at any point in the movie. She is, to date, the falsest screen portrait of the liberated woman.

Mazursky intends the movie to be a chronicle of the 1970s, as seen through three paradigmatic lives, but

John Podhoretz's short story, "The Piano Recital," appeared recently in Harper's.

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all Willie, Phil, and Jeannette ever do is drop acid once (in the only scene in the movie that is remotely realistic, and the only one in which Margot Kidder, who plays Jeannette, gets a chance to display her formidable acting abilities), avoid the draft, buy a car, go to a New York Knicks game, go to California, have a child, live on a farm, and go to India. Willie and Phil are supposed to have become extraordinary because of their relations with Jeannette, yet they remain nondescript throughout.

This is partly the fault of the actors: Michael Ontkean, who plays Willie, is a bland ingenue who cannot speak even a well-written line without making it sound false, and Ray Sharkey, who in *Who'll Stop the Rain* displayed immense promise, overacts so furiously that one wonders if Phil is maybe on uppers. Since they are so nondescript, and Jeannette so dully unfathomable, none of their actions assume the necessary significance. It all seems only to represent the behavior of childish, empty, and uninteresting people.

What has happened to Mazursky? On the evidence of the movie and *An Unmarried Woman,* he has been stymied by the subject that could have supplied the richest grist for his satiric mill, the Women's Movement. He cannot poke the slightest fun at it; he seems obsessed with proving that, unlike other men, he is on the side of the fairer sex. This reverence for the Movement's ideology has castrated him as a filmmaker. And if he continues to place the liberated woman at the center of his films, he will be lost forever. □

THE PUBLIC POLICY

THE BROMIDE OF CAMPAIGN '80?

by Elliott Abrams

After the Second World War, Germany re-industrialized. Its once-mighty industrial plant had been destroyed during the War, and was rebuilt, and of course modernized and expanded.

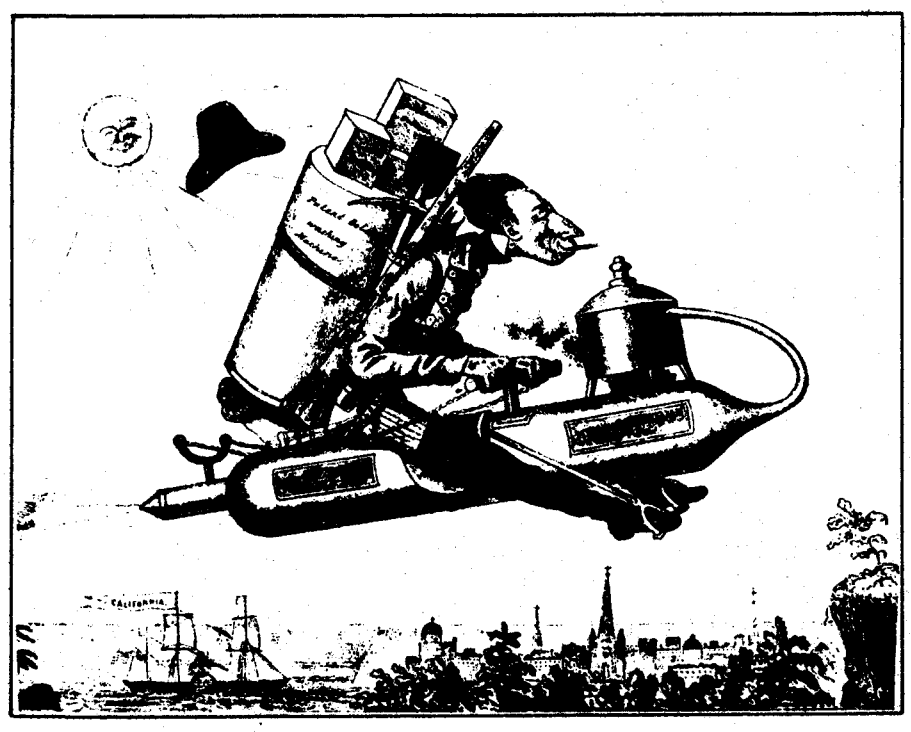
In that context, use of the term "reindustrialization" is appropriate and the term has a clear meaning. This year, at the lexicographical inspiration and leadership of Columbia University's Amitai Etzioni, much has been heard about "reindustrializing" America. *Business Week* presented us with an entire issue under that title; the *New York Times* did a whole series on the matter. But in the context of the America of 1980, reindustrialization is a term which obfuscates rather than illuminates. The use of the term hinders clear thought about the two important issues which lie behind it: national defense policy and free market economics.

When people speak of reindustrialization, they generally have in mind two problems now facing the U.S. economy. The first is the decreasing American competitiveness in world trade, symbolized by imports of Japanese steel and autos. Second is the low rate of savings and investment as a percentage of GNP. For good reason, it is argued that the low capital formation rate is a main cause of the loss of competitiveness of American industry. Certainly this is true of the steel industry, where sufficient capital for modernization has been lacking, so that the modern and efficient Japanese steel industry can ship iron ore and coal to Japan, produce steel, ship it to the United States, and still sell it for less than U.S. Steel can. So the United States needs to "reindustrialize" to save the balance of payments, defend the dollar, and protect American jobs, we are told. And what is meant, generally, is that more capital should be available in the right places in the economy.

Thus we quickly reach the issue of free market economics. The important question here is not what those "right places in the economy" are—steel, or computers, or autos, or biotechnology—but who will decide. The issue is the role of the state, or simply put, more capitalism or more socialism.

For one can favor two entirely different plans for "reindustrialization." A statist plan would in fact call for "national planning," with government allocation of capital to favored sectors, and a government corporation to sponsor and finance favored investment. A new Reconstruction Finance Corporation has been championed by Felix Rohatyn, the investment banker. A free market plan would make no decisions as to where capital would flow, and would simply encourage capital formation through measures such as tax incentives and regulatory reform.

This choice is the central issue in the reindustrialization debate, but is never squarely confronted. The choice before us is between more capitalism or less, and—in view of the success of national planning elsewhere—it is no wonder those favoring *less* hide behind a term like "reindustrialization."



There is, however, a separable national defense issue in this debate. It may be (although the case has yet to be proved) that the economics of steel or auto making, including wage rates, now favor production in Japan, or Korea, or elsewhere outside the U.S. Theories of comparative advantage would tell us, then, to go on with the building of computers or DNA and leave such products as steel or autos to others. But whatever the economic rationale for shrinking them, the steel and auto industries deserve special consideration because without them our ability to build tanks and ships and other essential military goods is greatly damaged.

Why do we hear so little of this in the reindustrialization debate? One can guess: Those who favor greater "national planning" are ordinarily not too keen on military preparedness, and the very last thing they would want is to make an argument for military spending. They want all that capital put into plowshares, not swords.

So the major issues are never discussed. An intelligent debate would ask whether we want more government, or less; whether credit and capital can be efficiently allocated by the state; whether economic and national security arguments are, to any extent, contradictory. Such a debate would help us make important choices about how to cope with our nation's diminishing savings and investment and international economic strength. Instead, voices from government, business, and labor babble on about "reindustrialization," a term so vague all parties can agree on it and yet not have a single common proposal. □

Elliott Abrams practices law in Washington, D.C.

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BOOK REVIEWS

FIRE IN THE MINDS OF MEN: ORIGINS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY FAITH

James H. Billington / Basic Books / $25.00

Werner J. Dannhauser

It must be difficult to find a book as uneven as this one, as unmistakably characterized by tensions of style and approach, as curiously unsatisfying even while it is greatly stimulating.

The polarities of *Fire in the Minds of Men* can be seen on its very surface. On the one hand, the book doggedly adheres to the canons of exact scholarship, forcing a conscientious reader to grapple with more than 140 pages of notes in small print and, on a number of occasions, relentlessly numbing him with more than he needs or wants to know. On the other hand, the author can be hell-bent on being relevant, apparently unpersuaded of the *intrinsic* fascination of his topic, correctly characterized by the subtitle as the "Origins of the Revolutionary Faith." For example, his style can change from the academically somber to the dubiously jazzy, as when he suddenly speculates on calling that faith "the amphetamine of the intellectuals"; or when he mars an excellent portrait of Lafayette by a singularly unilluminating comparison of the latter with Martin Luther King. And surely he caters unnecessarily to the trends of the times by concluding with an examination of the place of feminism in his history. The dubiousness of that maneuver becomes evident from the fact that the star of the chapter on "The Role of Women" is Rosa Luxemburg, whose unquestionable significance has nothing to do with her sex. Apparently, Billington had no clear principle of selection in mind when he wrote the book. As a result, it is a cross between an indispensable contribution to the study of modernity and a kind of Guinness Book of Revolutionary Records.

When so obviously significant a work as this manages to be both flashy and dull so often, the case calls for explanations. Perhaps the book's limitations are connected with the author's profession. He is a historian and sometimes seems to think one will know *why* something happened if only one knows "all about" what happened. Perhaps the problems are caused by the *kind* of history Billington has chosen to produce and the focus he has attempted to preserve. He calls his book a "work of humanistic history: the record of what one man who is not a revolutionary found interesting and important about a number of his fellow human beings who were." That is both honest and disarming but fails to resolve the question whether the subject matter does not call for either a political history or a straightforward history of ideas. A political history need not be blind to what we call "culture." Thus, when Thucydides writes the funeral oration of Pericles he manages to convey a sense of the whole of Athenian life, and he can get away with writing a great book about the time of Socrates—without mentioning Socrates. What is more, a history of ideas such as Löwith's *From Hegel to Nietzsche* can be quite illuminating about what we loosely call "the real world." For instance, Löwith—and I do not mean to rank him with Thucydides—tells us nearly as much as Billington about the immense and increasing importance of journalism in the nineteenth century.

Billington's book is primarily neither political nor intellectual. He attempts to tell the "story not of revolu*tions*, but of revolution*aries*" (italics his). As both the title and subtitle indicate, however, by their respective references to "minds" and "faith," he is more concerned with the thoughts, souls, and speeches of his characters than with their deeds; Marxist materialists would have to label, and perhaps to dismiss, him as an idealist historian.

Now, with all due respect to Marxists, this reviewer finds absolutely nothing wrong with "idealist" historians, but the trouble is that Billington sometimes fails on his own chosen ground. The shortcoming is most evident in his discussion of the French Revolution. In his predilection for discussing figures that seem (unjustly, maybe) minor, he leaves himself little room to treat Rousseau, who, after all, did more than anybody else in the eighteenth century to light a fire in the minds of men and instill a revolutionary faith. Billington himself indicates as much by repeatedly, though in passing, noting the influence of Rousseau on the revolutionaries he describes. Many other examples of such imbalance might be cited, but one will probably suffice. Here is a book that grants no greater prominence to Hegel than to James Fazy, the man who, more or less, created a stable and bourgeois Switzerland.

Nevertheless, when one has finished *Fire in the Minds of Men*, noted all one's dissatisfaction with it, and even, as in the case of this reviewer, attempted to commit them to print, one is left—given a minimal sense of fairness—with a sense of having read a book that really matters: a sense not all that easy to come by these days.

In part, that is because Billington brings his amazing erudition to bear on a story we must all keep telling and retelling ourselves. It is, after all, a story on the outcome of which our very lives depend, and the understanding of which is a precondition for understanding ourselves. It is the story of history's march from 1789 to 1917.

The three talismanic words of the French Revolution are liberty, fraternity, and equality, but Billington suggests that devotion to liberty had already peaked in the American Revolution. The greatest effect of the French Revolution was a devotion to fraternity in the sense of a national community. The author never oversimplifies so as to make history seem perfectly linear and therefore is quite fair to egalitarians like Babeuf of the French Revolution. Nevertheless, nationalism inspired the greatest dedication during most of the nineteenth century, with Mazzini as its most representative figure and Garibaldi its most romantic hero.

It is, by the way, not the least of the merits of this book to stress the romantic (as opposed to rational) elements possessing (quite literally at times) more revolutionaries than would care to own up to the fact. The rich, though sometimes cumbersome, texture of this book abounds with examples of the influence of spiritualism, Pythagorean symbols, erotic mysteries and rites on revolutionaries and therefore on revolutions.

The failures of all the apparent or

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real revolutions of 1848 signified the decline of the ideal of fraternity and the advent of the ideal of equality. Nationalists became less glamorous than socialists as the vanguard shifted from thinking of political revolutions to dreaming of social transfigurations. Billington is as true to the complexities of the growth of socialism as to those of nationalism. He finds nothing inevitable in the triumph of the Marxist version of socialism over that of Proudhon, whom he clearly favors. He also knows that a number of factors, especially the organizational triumphs of German Social Democracy and the violent activism of Russian revolutionaries, had to combine to enable Lenin, "the master builder," to triumph in 1917 and therewith to produce "the first major break in the basic unity of European civilization since Luther."

No summary can do justice to so vast a canvas as Billington has painted. Yet the virtues of this book do not depend solely on the author's assiduity in telling the story. Perhaps more important is the perspective he employs. In his focus on revolutionaries, he is dealing with men and women who are all too frequently the objects of left-wing hagiography or right-wing hysteria. It has been nearly a century since Marx died, for example, and we still do not possess an adequate understanding of the man and the "ism" he spawned. By steadfastly reserving his commitment to the spirit of rational inquiry, Billington helps us greatly in overcoming the partisanship that has beclouded our attempts to comprehend the revolutionary past. His book will be impossible to ignore with impunity. □

KINGDOMS OF THE BLIND
Harold W. Rood / Carolina Academic Press / $14.95

Terry O'Rourke

Kingdoms of the Blind has a disturbing theme: the dangerous inclination of democratic peoples to dismiss the possibility of war. Professor Rood argues that the foreign policies and defensive strategies of the West are all too often based on the conviction that the constitutional rule of law which restricts the exercise of power and the application of force *within* a democracy also extends to activities *outside* its borders. This of course ignores the fact that the precepts of democracy and constitutional government are seldom found to work within the international community; totalitarian regimes—convinced of both the ubiquity of politics and the undeniable truth of their ideologies—have no reason to exercise restraint in compelling the weak to conform to these "truths." Simply put, democratic principles are not universally applicable. In its myopia, however, the West prefers to abandon prudence and caution for what Rood terms "optimistic inaction, adroit rhetoric, and strategic carelessness."

Rood's study deals with the West's two major confrontations this century with totalitarian states: World War II and the U.S.-Soviet rivalry. The story of the West's tragic appeasement of Hitler is too well known to require discussion here. Of greater import is Rood's contention that U.S. policies toward the Soviets should not ignore the lessons taught by the folly of appeasement, not because history repeats itself, but because the imprudent behavior of democracies seems repetitious.

And the paramount lesson is that foreign and defense policy must be grounded in a realistic acceptance of the possibility of war. In Rood's words: "Military policy cannot be based on sentiments for peace however lofty those sentiments may seem. Military policy must fit the requirements for successful strategy and successful strategy does not derive from the notion that war is impossible."

Professor Rood believes that the Soviet Union is preparing for war, and that a successful United States policy must be based upon recognition of this reality. Although similar warnings from the People's Republic of China have become commonplace, such tidings from the academy, which surely finds them unpalatable, have been rare indeed. However unpleasant Rood's thesis may be, it offers the only satisfactory explanation of otherwise inexplicable Soviet activities. No less an authority than the Department of Defense's *United States Military Posture for FY 1980* admits that the Soviets' military capacity seems "far out of proportion to any rational calculation of their defense needs." The CIA's director of strategic research recently testified that the Soviet Union's military spending last year was about 50 percent greater than U.S. spending. When one considers that the Soviet economy (in rubles) is only 40 percent the size of the U.S. economy, the levels of Soviet military spending are staggering. Even more alarming are reports that the Soviets are on the verge of technological breakthroughs in ballistic missile defenses, primarily in the area of beam weapons. Recent reports also indicate that the Soviets have resumed testing of radar in an ABM mode, in clear violation of the Strategic Arms Limitations Treaty. Soviet superiority in manpower, as well as in conventional and strategic weapons, continues to grow.

Rood provides a stark analysis of the erosion of the U.S. strategic position in recent years. Directing his attention to Cuba, the Mediterranean, and Europe, he argues that each successive crisis in these theaters "has reduced the freedom of action of the West to wage effective war, while increasing the Soviet capacity to do so."

According to conventional wisdom, the United States "won" the Cuban Missile Crisis, averting war by forcing the Soviets to remove nuclear

Terry O'Rourke practices law in Southern California.

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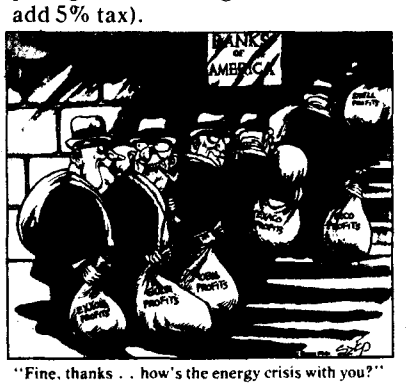

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weapons from Cuba, thereby opening all manner of opportunities for détente and arms control agreements. Rood contends, however, that in resolving the crisis, the United States in effect recognized Cuba's status as a Soviet protectorate by providing assurances against an invasion of the island.

These assurances were supposedly matched by Soviet promises to keep offensive weapons and Russian bases off the island. Beginning in 1969, however, with the visit of a naval squadron equipped with missiles capable of delivering a nuclear warhead 450 miles, the Soviet Union has expanded its military presence in Cuba. By 1970 Soviet Komar-class missile boats were reported operating off Key Biscayne, Florida, and equipment specifically associated with Soviet Yankee-class nuclear missile submarines was being installed on the south coast of Cuba. By 1978 it was reported in London that the Soviets were constructing nuclear submarine pens at Cienfuegos, and had shipped strategic missiles to the island. By 1978 the Soviets also had more than 20 TU-95B long-range bombers stationed at Cuban bases, and had introduced MiG-23s, capable of delivering nuclear weapons, to the island. Step by probing step, and without meaningful opposition from the United States, the Soviets have broken the commitments made in 1962; as of today the Monroe Doctrine, in effect, has been abrogated. And Castro, secure with the United States' assurances against invasion and the presence of some 12,000 of his Soviet compatriots, feels free to dispatch the core of his army abroad.

Professor Rood asserts that the Cuban situation illustrates the U.S. reluctance to consider war a possibility; hence, the consequent U.S. neglect of strategy. Cuba's location provides it with control of sea routes to the Panama Canal, and passage through the Florida Straits, the Windward Passage, the Yucatan Channel, and the old Bahama Channel. As early as 1762, the British capture of Havana cut communications between old and new Spain. Now, in the event of a European war, Soviet air and naval forces operating from Cuba could disrupt all troop and supply shipments to Europe. To eliminate this threat the United States would have to divert virtually all of the land, naval, and air forces now intended to reinforce NATO. As Rood notes, the very essence of strategy is "to force one's enemy to defend that which he has no choice but to defend in areas away from the principal theater of war, while one's own forces concentrate to achieve a decision in that theater of war where the outcome of battle will decide the outcome of war." In view of long-term strategic gains, it is the Soviets who have emerged as the clear winners of the Cuban Missile Crisis.

The strategic situation in the Mediterranean, and its consequences in the event of war in Europe, is equally bleak. It is commonly accepted that Yugoslavia is a nonaligned nation, and since the late 1940s the West has supported Yugoslavian independence. Western apprehensions are warranted. As the *Christian Science Monitor* reported in 1976: "If the Soviets seized Yugoslavia they would control the Dalmation Coast with excellent warm water ports for their Mediterranean squadron and ample bases for their air arms. . . . The Southern flank of NATO would be exposed. All of Western Europe would be shaken and endangered."

A dramatic shift in Yugoslav-Soviet relations occurred in 1973 during the Yom Kippur War when Yugoslav land bases, ports, and air bases were made available to the Soviets to support resupply of the Egyptians. This was not an isolated incident. As

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Benjamin M. Anderson taught economics at Columbia, Harvard, and the University of California. He was an economist for the Chase Manhattan Bank and for many years edited the *Chase Economic Bulletin*. Hardcover $10.00, Paperback $4.50

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late as 1977 "non-aligned" Yugoslavia, along with North Korea and Czechoslovakia, was still acting as a freight-handler for Soviet arms shipments to the Mideast. Other signs of a Belgrade-Moscow rapprochement include construction of airfields for use by Soviet military transports, and establishment of a Soviet coastal battery at Rognoznica and a command center at Valjevo. As of 1978, Yugoslavia was servicing Soviet submarines, the first instance of a non-Warsaw Pact country overhauling Soviet warships. This new and warm relationship between Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union—not yet comprehended in the West—can only raise doubts about how "nonaligned" Yugoslavia would remain in a future European war.

Worse still, the Soviet presence in the Mediterranean now extends beyond Yugoslavia to Libya, which has been receiving massive shipments of Soviet arms, including tanks, MiG-23s, MiG-25s, TU-22 bombers, Foxtrot submarines, and Osa-II class missile patrol boats. Barely ten years ago, British and U.S. warships could use the harbors at Benghazi, Tripoli, and Tobruk, and their aircraft could stage in and out of Libyan air bases. Today, only Soviet warships and aircraft enjoy access to these facilities.

The strategic relationship of North Africa and the Mediterranean to the defense of Western Europe became evident during World War II, when the Allies' success in regaining these areas exposed all of Southern Europe to Allied operations. But as Rood notes, "What the Axis had to expend in men, ships, and aircraft, to seize in the Mediterranean during World War II, [has] fallen to the Soviet Union or its hirelings virtually unnoticed and through default. Should war come to Europe, Soviet resources need not be expended to secure the Mediterranean but can be invested elsewhere to secure even greater strategic advantage."

Soviet strategic gains have not been limited solely to the periphery of Europe; dramatic shifts have also taken place in the Central European theater. Rood's discussion of the strategic implications of the 1968 Soviet invasion of Czechoslavakia raises justifiable concerns. In contrast to previous Soviet interventions, 1968 marked the first time that a Warsaw Pact army—with Soviet ground and air elements, East German motorized and armored divisions, Polish and Hungarian troops, and elements of the Bulgarian army—acted to safeguard purely Soviet interests. Since then, five Soviet divisions, including two armored divisions, have remained in Czechoslovakia. As the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe admitted at the time, "The military balance in Central Europe has been significantly altered to the disadvantage of the West. Soviet troops are much further west than at any time in recent years." The general's concern with the West's military weakness was not widely shared. James Reston, for example, comfortably observed that while the "men in the Kremlin can bully and betray an ally . . . this squalid business in Prague is not a sign of Soviet strength but a dramatic confession of moral and political weakness."

Views like Reston's are a necessary counterpart to the West's persistent optimism that war is not possible; it remains to be demonstrated just how the West has benefitted strategically from such demonstrations of Soviet "weakness." Meanwhile, as the West faces ever increasing Soviet capabilities and the erosion of its own strategic position, the Carter Administration—when not temporarily disconcerted by Soviet armored brigades in Cuba or invasions of Afghanistan

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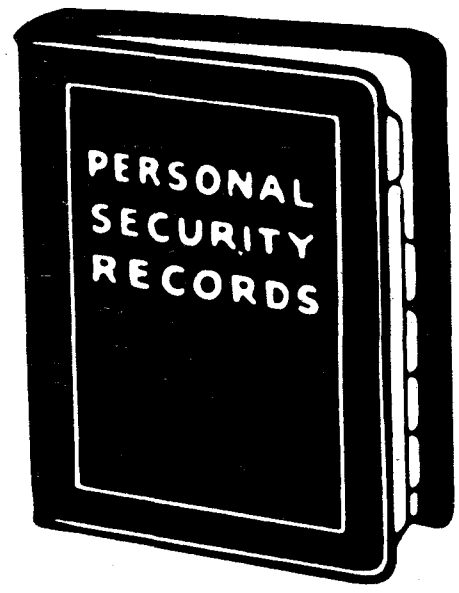
—takes comfort in détente and SALT, oblivious to the Soviet view that détente is merely a reflection of the West's weakness ("a result of the great shift of balance of world power in favor of socialism"), or that SALT symbolizes the West's formal admission that the Soviets have won the arms race.

As unpopular as it may be, Professor Rood's solution to the West's plight is the obvious one: The United States must augment and expand its military forces as if in preparation for a real war, so that its capabilities in each key theater—the Caribbean, the Mediterranean, and Europe—will match and deter the Soviets' strength in these regions.

It is only fitting that *Kingdoms of the Blind* inaugurates the Winston S. Churchill Association's series, "Studies in Statesmanship," for it was Churchill who, in 1946, warned that: "From what I have seen of our Russian friends and allies during the war, I am convinced that there is nothing they admire so much as strength and there is nothing for which they have less respect than for weakness, especially military weakness." □



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CORRESPONDENCE OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

Edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli and Margaret M. Duggan
Random House / $25.00

William H. Nolte

This new volume of Scott Fitzgerald's correspondence is intended to supplement the three volumes of letters that have appeared so far. In fact, what we have here are the leavings from those previous siftings—to wit, the Andrew Turnbull selection, *The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (1963), far and away the most important; the selection from Fitzgerald's correspondence with Max Perkins, *Dear Scott / Dear Max* (1971); and the correspondence between Fitzgerald and his agent, Harold Ober, *As Ever, Scott Fitz—* (1972). None of the letters in those three volumes has been reprinted here.

Although this new collection should have a wider appeal than the collections restricted to author and editor and author and agent, I wonder if the letters won't detract more from Fitzgerald's reputation than they add to it. While they do not bring into question the fact that Fitzgerald at his best was very good indeed, they certainly do play havoc with the romantic notion that Fitzgerald was somehow not to blame for the mess he made of his life, that he was simply a victim of the economic depression of the thirties and the concomitant change in literary values. One may argue, of course, that Fitzgerald was unfortunate in having achieved an easy success (with *This Side of Paradise*) at so early an age, a success which enabled him to contract a disastrous marriage to Zelda Sayre. But then one must also remember that his marriage, horrible though it must have been, provided him with his main source of subject matter.

The most interesting—and painful—of these letters are those to and from Zelda, particularly those written after Zelda's first breakdown in 1930. In a long letter from 1930 (which may not have been sent), for example, Scott lists his grievances, bitterly recalling the injuries inflicted and sustained:

> You were gone now—I scarcely remember you that summer. You were simply one of all the people who disliked me or were indifferent to me. I didn't like to think of you—You didn't need me and it was easier to talk to or rather at Madame Bellois and keep full of wine. . . . You were going crazy and calling it genius—I was going to ruin and calling it anything that came to hand. . . . Toward the end nothing much mattered. The nearest I ever came to leaving you was when you told me that I was a fairy in the Rue Palatine but now whatever you said aroused a sort of detached pity for you. . . . I wish the Beautiful and Damned had been a maturely written book because it was all true. We ruined ourselves—I have never honestly thought that we ruined each other.

The accusation that Scott had homosexual tendencies obviously stung, although it is easy to see how Zelda might have arrived at such an improbable conclusion. In that same year Zelda wrote Scott a long (about 3000 words) letter from Prangins Clinic in Switzerland in which she enumerates the ugly details of their first ten years together, years in which their jealousy of one another drove them apart even as it bound them together in mutual loathing. Something had to break, of course, and it did. Eventually, Scott lost interest in Zelda except as a ward for whom he felt responsible, and Zelda spent her remaining years in mental institutions.

Incidentally, Zelda's letters written after the initial rupture have a touching poignancy, as when she wrote: "My mind stumbles about the shadows of your room and thinks of nothing at all except that you were there a week ago." Or this: "I want to go to fabulous places where there is absolutely no conception of the ultimate convergence of everything." At times she reminds me of Emily Dickinson: "The weather does its eccentricities, and now its cold, and

William H. Nolte is C. Wallace Martin Professor of English at the University of South Carolina.

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fair and a brittle and 'unchosen' world confronts us again. I'll be so glad when the winter desists from its barbarianisms and one can breathe again."

As I say, the letters in *Correspondence* will not lift Fitzgerald any nearer to Shakespeare. In fact, their *literary* value is slight. On the other hand, they tell us a great deal about a writer whose life was inextricably mingled with his art. Like most modern romantics, Fitzgerald was never able to distance himself from his subject matter. Like his friend Hemingway, whose ego was such that he could never forgive Fitzgerald for having helped him get started, Fitzgerald was narcissistic and naive. Indeed, part of his charm depended upon his naiveté, a fact of which his friends were well aware. (They also knew that his selfishness was unconscious and unthinking. Sara Murphy, for example, wrote him a scalding letter in 1934, chiding him for his inability to consider other people's feelings and opinions and for not even knowing what Zelda or his daughter, Scottie, were like.) He forever played the part of the little boy who insisted on being the life of the party, no matter whose party it was or whether he had even been invited. But no one, apparently, could dislike him for long; once he appeared, cap in hand, all was forgiven. But then neither could anyone take him very seriously, certainly not as seriously as he took himself.

As the letters of this collection clearly show, Fitzgerald always believed that by writing for money today he could buy time for the competent work he would do tomorrow, never realizing, as someone once said, that beyond a certain point writing for profit becomes unprofitable. I can think of no other writer of his ability who wrote so many third-rate stories, or spent so much time doing hack-work that he knew was hack-work. Near the end, in fact, he seemed unable to distinguish clearly between competent work and the embarrassing stuff he was churning out in Hollywood. Before going there for the last time, he had written (in one of the "Crack-Up" articles in 1936) that films were "capable of reflecting only the tritist thought, the most obvious emotion," but while working on the script of *Three Comrades* he somehow convinced himself that what he was writing had merit. The fact is that Fitzgerald's screenplay has no more merit than an afternoon soap on the tube. Fitzgerald was greatly upset when only part of his script was used by the producer, Joseph Mankiewicz. Instead, he should have been thankful.

Considering Fitzgerald's great talent, or genius, if you will, I pay him tribute in calling him a failure. Two excellent novels and a handful of first-rate stories might seem God's plenty to all but a select company of writers. But then Fitzgerald was a member of that company. □

ARABIA, THE GULF AND THE WEST
J.B.Kelly / Basic Books / $25

Daniel Pipes

As oil, revolution, and war attract increasing attention to the Persian Gulf, articles and books about the area spew forth in the West. For the most part, they are written by overnight experts or sycophants, authors hobbled by deep ignorance of alien customs and blinded by the prospect of sharing in the vast wealth of the region if they say the right things. In Kelly's words, "a shuffling, endless procession of sages, oracles, sophists and sciolists" hold forth about the Gulf "with all the perspicacity of an Arabian Bedouin discussing the finer points of the United States Constitution."

Even were the competition not so dismal, J.B. Kelly's book would stand out as a tour de force. Mr. Kelly has wide knowledge, a sharp writing style, and a clear political vision, and he has written a large, wise, and angry study. Occasional excesses can be found in the work, but they do not detract from its main themes that succeed in debunking

(Continued on page 47.)

Daniel Pipes is a historian at The University of Chicago. His Slave Soldiers and Islam *will be published in January by Yale University Press.*

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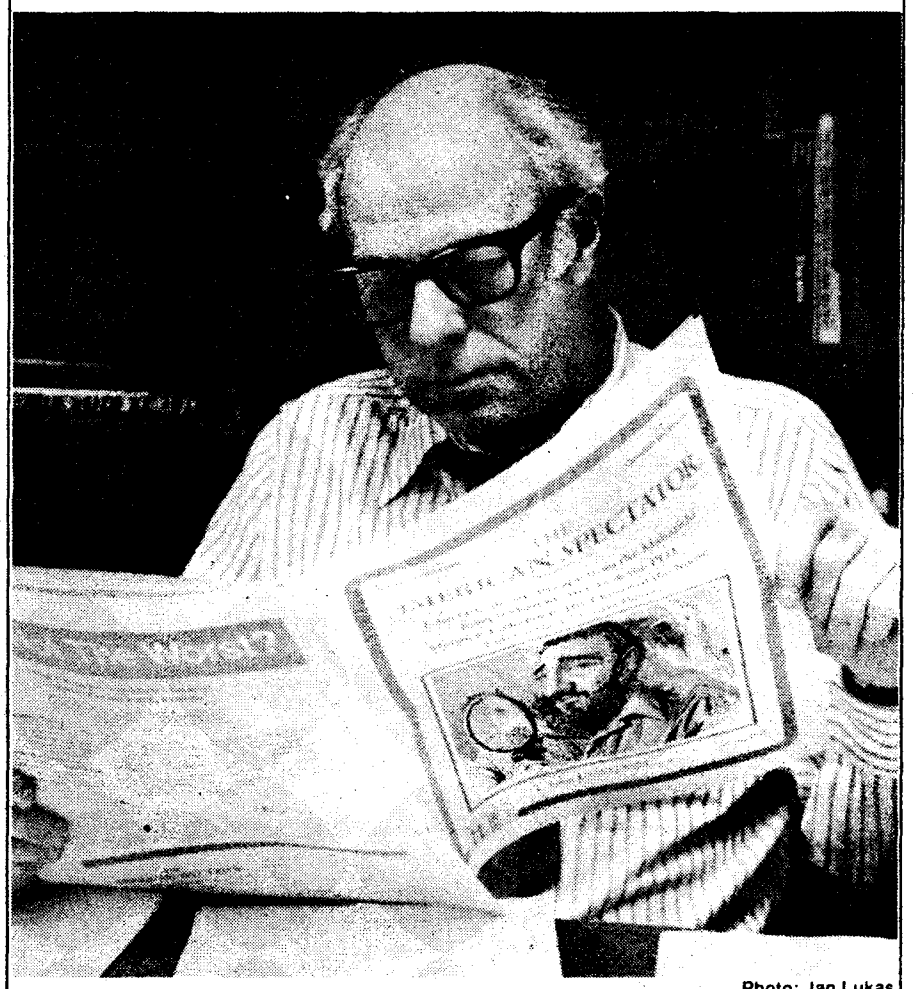

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MICHAEL LEDEEN

(*Continued from page 31.*)

de Borchgrave-Ledeen story. The *Post* ignored the story—just before endorsing Carter—and the networks did the same. Now of course everyone is competing to break onto the national news broadcasts, and authors always give their own work higher marks than neutral observers, bur I resent the blackout by the networks at a time when they were giving five minutes a night to *rumors* about an imminent hostage release. I must have listened to an average of three denials a day from poor Ed Muskie. Was all that necessary? Couldn't they have given us 30 seconds for our . . . real news?

One person from NBC news said that a colleague of his had been unable to check our story. I told him that this was not surprising, since after all Arnaud and I had obtained a world scoop: Not even Senate investigators had uncovered this information. Thus it was only to be expected that his colleague would be unable to get confirmation. In order to get additional evidence and some further leads, he would have had to speak to one of us. And not a single television journalist asked us anything about the story.

One final point: The two newspapers that most ostentatiously ignored the story both endorsed Carter, and may have felt our story was too damaging to their candidate so close to election day. But this does not excuse them for burying the Justice Report the following days. That's not reportage at all; it's called censorship.

Columnists: When we look back on the stuff written during this overlong campaign, Carl Rowen will have to be singled out for the sheer partisanship of his writing. Anyone who tries to explain away Billy Carter's ties with Libya by saying that Qaddafi's support of terrorism is only "alleged," and then blaming the whole thing darkly on a pro-Israel lobby, has in my opinion given up journalism for flacking. Mary McGrory, on the other hand, for all her passion for Carter and against Reagan, still gave her readers the benefit of her great wealth of political instinct and experience. At the end, she captured the mood of the two contending camps best of all. And since she didn't like it at all, that took some doing. Thanks, Mary. □

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Corporate Concerns □

Walter Berns' "The Corporation's Song" in your September issue, while ostensibly a defense of corporations, manages to achieve somewhat the opposite effect. His "Business (busyness) is about money-making" is not only denigration of business but also a misreading of human motivations and personal objectives. His final "they will have to clean up their old act" follows the party line of the Nader set. Business is about meeting the needs of people.

Saying that business is about money-making is equivalent to saying that all employment (including, of course, Berns') is about money-making. Everybody must "make money." The corporation must show a profit or it cannot live; the individual must make a living wage.

I am sure the author would feel put upon if it were asserted that his only motivation is financial and his only objective a living wage. He (if he is normal) feels that his motivation is to do a good job, his objective to excel at what he's doing. He knows that if he excels at his job he will not only make a living wage but also enjoy prestige and a measure of financial success. And so it is with corporations. To make this point more apparent, consider how a large corporation conducts its business.

American Brands is a large international corporation, with more than a dozen more or less autonomous subsidiaries (to emphasize the autonomy and the filial relationship the subsidiaries are called "profit centers"). Each profit center is a corporation headed by a president. The day-to-day concerns of such a man are, first of all, about his job—he knows he cannot do certain things without being fired. Second, he knows that he must produce a product that is salable and competitive in price. Third, he knows that he must sell the product aggressively; in fact he must continually increase sales if he is to keep his job. If he has achieved all these objectives he knows his profit center is aptly named. The point is that his day-to-day concerns are not with making money but with excelling at his job. Showing a profit is not the primary motivation; it is a by-product of excellence. →

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The chairman of the board of such a corporation, you will say, has *only* to be concerned with showing a profit. Not so. His day-to-day concerns are how to select, guide, and motivate the profit-center heads, and how to orchestrate the finances for the whole shebang. It's a heck of a job, but he knows that if he does it well the dividends can be increased year by year.

Individual effort to excel results in profit for a corporation, as it does in prestige and monetary rewards for the individual.

Finally, about the "clean-up-the-act" bit. Corporations are run by people, who, it is commonly believed, are incapable of moral perfection. Before we can expect corporations to clean up their old act we must expect people to forego their old venal opportunism. It's a hopeless prospect. And besides, the author in effect has already said that it's not how corporations make money that gives them a bad image but that they make money at all.

—William T. St. Clair
Berryville, Virginia

Walter Berns replies:
Professors do not have to be told by engineers that there are some people who work for reasons having little to do with money.

In order to persuade me that the business corporation is not primarily concerned with money-making, Mr. St. Clair says that the head of such a corporation has a "heck of a job, but he knows that if he does it well the dividends can be increased year by year." This is another way of saying what I said.

Odd Blindness
Perhaps I am Prof. Nolte's "most devout Jamesian" ("The Incomplete Maugham," August, 1980), but I think Maugham's views on Henry James's work tell more about Maugham's limitations than James's. "Henry James was shy of the elementals of the human heart." What odd blindness about a writer whose novels' chief themes are the proverbial love and money, almost always in conflict! Whence, in a heart "subject to no serious agitation" comes the nearly constant sense of pain and loss that helps us bear our own? Does that "housemaid" whose "broom with brutal commonsense" sweeps all that away also sweep out odd objects like *Moby Dick*, Wagner's *Ring*, and the paintings of Monet? Does she, poor dear, perhaps think that art must look exactly like (her own) life for the two to be intimately related?

As to James's "intricate cobwebs"—formal accomplishments—Maugnam as well as many other may be taken in by "The Master's" frequent flummery on such matters, in the prefaces and elsewhere. I, at least, find it glaringly obvious that James stressed the (certainly immense) craftsmanship in his work deliberately, if perhaps unconsciously, in order to direct attention away from its emotional and symbolic substance.

Did Maugham really suppose that anyone alive can avoid, as he implies James did, participating "in the tragicomedy"? James knew better: no one escapes. His novels are about that, too. But different people have different ways of facing up to it. Maugham's, apparently, was hatred, James's the opposite—characteristics more manifest in each as they aged. Maugham himself notes James's personal "benignity"; HJ was, by most accounts, one of the kindest and most considerate of men. Perhaps one reason Maugham, with his many abilities, failed to achieve greatness is precisely that he was, always, a hater. If a novelist's raw material is humankind, that must be an obstacle indeed.

—William S. Hillman
Bayport, New York

What in the World is Going On?

It's a good question. And these days world events are so puzzling that the question is hard to answer. Newsmagazines don't help much. Nor do the official opinions and pronouncements of the academic journals. They leave you unable to comprehend or cope with the Ayatollah Khomeini, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, or the world refugee crisis now touching Florida's shores. That's why in 1980 you need a magazine that really tells you what is going on—that analyzes the news and predicts future events. You need a magazine that is daring enough, young enough, and yet respected enough to bring original thinking and new commentary into the arena of foreign affairs.

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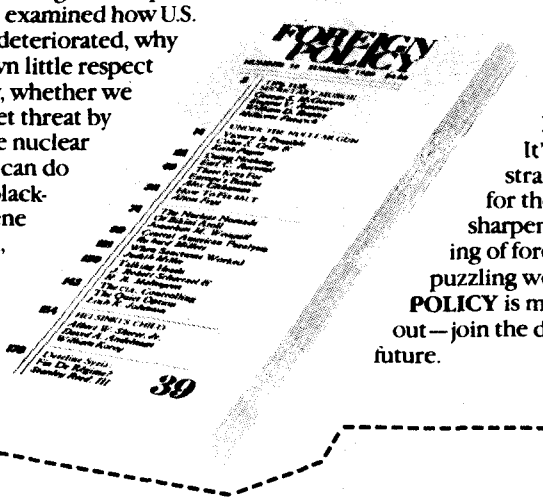

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CURRENT WISDOM

Future Life #19

Jose Alcarez, the eloquent associate publisher of *Aura* magazine, offers a visionary pronunciamento that—if there be a just Yahweh in the Heavens—should assure him a place on the Kennedy staff:

. . . As associate publisher of the first gay science fiction and fantasy magazine, I can only add with regards to Mr. Guthrie's provocative letter in *Future Life #17 #17* that we *still* have a long way to go before SF and gay relationships are depicted on the silver screen, or for that matter our television sets. But thanks to writers like George Nader, David Gerrold and Samuel Delaney, who continue to incorporate gay lifestyles within their SF, perhaps someday we'll be able to touch base with the filmmakers of the world.

Who knows what the future holds for *all* of us—yes, including us gay Earthlings. Success and discovery can only be achieved by hard work and dedication; and space exploration *will* succeed through the efforts of men and women who have dedicated their lives to withstand the complexity of space travel, and environmental and biological changes.

Companionship and sexual expression are a large part of the human heart, and biologically, the human spirit could not function nor survive to its total capacity without it. Early space travel could not possibly include "family." If would be inconceivable to venture into places where man had never been; where danger and the possible loss of life are at every turn. So who would it be? Who would be the best equipped to hopefully succeed in man's most important adventure? Who could be the one to travel through time and space, years, perhaps even a lifetime to worlds unknown to man? Away from families, loved ones and many things that man holds dear to himself? A gay person? Why not—it's possible. And if so—should hypocrisy and small-minded individuals prevent the coming of a new and exciting adventure to the children of tomorrow? The future belongs to the young and the still unborn. Old prejudices must step aside in the course of progress. No future is possible without the understanding of man's relationship to himself and his fellow men. If man has decided to go beyond the Moon, and he has, he must pave the way for others and must explore not only the stars and their secrets, but the very secrets and gifts of his *own* body.

Yes—I believe that gays are an important part of tomorrow's adventure, and beyond that, the future of Earth and its relationship to the universe. But the future lies in what man has learned about himself. When man can search within himself—and confess what his thoughts, dreams and feelings are—only then can we all begin and join hands as one human race, determined to explore together his place in the future. Now, if we could all sit back and watch this all on television.

[*June 1980*]

The Los Angeles Times

Cultural advances in Renaissance America, as reported in the enlightened *Times* of Los Angeles:

Not long ago, a San Francisco woman went to the public library to check out a copy of "Mary Poppins," the fanciful book about an English nanny that has delighted children for years.

But she was surprised to find that the book, made even more popular by the Walt Disney movie of the same name, is banned from the shelves.

"Mary Poppins," as it turned out, had long since been reviewed by a committee of librarians here and found unsuitable for children.

"The book treats minorities in ways that are derogatory," explains Joan Dillon, the library's director of children's services. "It's written from the old English view of the 'white man's burden.' . . . That is naturally offensive to minorities and others as well." . . . The Poppins book, written by P.L. Travers and first published in 1934, first came under criticism some years ago, according to Anna Bier, a senior editor for its publisher, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Inc. "Mrs. Travers was very upset," recalls Bier. "She had written the stories years and years ago, with no intention of any racial slurs."

Travers made changes in the book. In one scene, a black child had been referred to as a "pickanniny" and a black woman, welcoming Mary Poppins, had offered her a slice of watermelon. In the revised version, those parts are removed and the black woman, who before had said in dialect, "I been 'spectin' you," instead says, "We've been anticipating your visit, Mary Poppins."

[*October 7, 1980*]

The Daily Californian

Miss Linda Burger reports on the march of science in the great state of California:

Not only is 1980 the beginning of a new decade, it is also the beginning of a new set of conservation problems for the average American. Possible solution to these problems were exhibited last weekend at Laney College in Oakland. . . . Demonstrations included canning and preserving food, and breast self-examination.

[*October 6, 1980*]

Mother Jones

Another esoteric notification interlarded amid the general juvenilia of the incomparable *Mother Jones:*

Wave goodbye to the Hopi lima bean. Corporate profiteering may mean an end to this native U.S. plant, and to other native plants elsewhere. . . . The most important endangered strains are located in the Third World, where agriculture orginated. Native varieties there are now particularly jeopardized because multinational seed companies are targeting primitive farming areas for new seed sales.

[*September/October 1980*]

The Washington Post

More sociological bilge for the nitwit neoterics from Dr. Richard Cohen, resident forward-looker-and-leaper of the *Washington Post:*

A single woman I know wanted a child. She had ~~to decide between adopting~~ one or using some man to do what neither she nor anyone else has ever been able to do alone. She opted for adoption, saying that there were already too many babies in the world but recognizing also that, thank God, there is a difference between a man and a rooster.

I cite the case of this woman because it points up in an almost absurdist way just how irrelevant Daddies can be. Here is a lady who wanted a child but no husband and who, given her income and her education, was perfectly capable of going the entire motherhood route on her own. In fact, when last heard from, both mother and son were doing fine. As for a husband, none was even on the horizon. . . . What is left after the bringing-home-the-bacon routine has turned into a farce is simple—not much. There is Daddy as Ultimate Authority, but even here both the state and common sense have intervened. Daddy can no longer beat either his wife or his child without answering for his actions. He can not tell his children about the birds and the bees when he wants to because the schools will do it when they want to and he cannot even stop a child from procuring contraceptive knowledge or devices. Even when it comes to a wife or child having an abortion, Daddies need not be consulted.

[*September 9, 1980*]

The Indianapolis Star

The intrepid Associated Press reports another curious kink in the feminist fever:

Vatican City (AP)—Pope John Paul II has whipped up a storm by bidding men not to look lustfully at women, not even their wives.

Italian feminists and writers are calling him a male chauvinist because of his latest declaration on sex.

"Every day he (the Pope) is taking a step backward to the Dark Ages," author Lucia Druli Dembi told the Rome daily Il Messagero. "This Pope is turning the Catholic faith into a punitive faith," said another writer, Edith Bruck.

He said: "Adultery in your heart is committed not only when you look with concupiscence (strong or excessive sexual desire) at a woman who is not your wife, but also if you look in the same manner at your wife."

"The husband must not use his wife, her femininity, to fulfill his instinctive desire," the Pope said.

Anna Eminente, a spokeswoman for a feminist group called "Universal Womanhood," said John Paul's remarks "confirm the Pope is a male chauvinist. He talks about looking at women with lustful desires but not a word about women doing the same," she said.

[*October 11, 1980*]

The Great Books Series

From the venerated vegetarian cook book, *Laurel's Kitchen,* whose dedication sings "This book is dedicated to a glossy black calf on his way to the slaughterhouse many years ago, whose eyes met those of someone who could understand their appeal and inspire us, and thousands of others like us, to give the gift of life"; we present a thought-provoking, true-life, interlude:

Chris missed hot dogs, and Julia hankered after her old favoite, tuna fish sandwiches. We exerted very little pressure—just tried to share with them our growing sense of fellow-feeling with animals, birds, and fish. Children have this sense *instinctively anyway, so it was mostly just* a matter of brushing away some of the cobweb-rationalizations that had covered it over.

It *did* bother them at first to be 'different' from their classmates. Now and then, in the early days, I used to find remnants of dubious sandwiches in their lunchpails, the result of playground trades. I chose not to harass them about it, though, and in time it stopped happening.

Then one Sunday afternoon, with no ulterior motive, we took the children for a walk on the Marina. . . . Suddenly someone landed a fish right in front of us. It flopped down at our feet, gasping and writhing as it struggled to get free of the hook. The children's eyes got very big. It was a crucial moment. At an earlier time, we might have said, "Wow, what a catch! He's got himself a real dinner there!" They'd have half bought the idea, and if it were reinforced enough times, they'd have started saying it themselves, even though all the time, despite their attempts to dispell it the image of that poor, struggling creature would have remained locked in their consciousness. Now, however, not knowing what to say, and not wanting to say the wrong thing, we said nothing—let them watch for a brief instant, then herded them gently away. It wasn't long after that before tuna sandwiches and then hot dogs faded into the past.

Laurel's Kitchen
by Laurel Robertson et al.
[*Berkeley: Nilgiri Press, 1976*]

The Village Voice

Sister Mary Michael Feingold brings the Chicken Little Aesthetics to a review of the play *Say Uncle, Sam:*

Miriam Fond's political revue, *Say Uncle, Sam* is just good enough to make one furious that it isn't better. The chance is too good to waste: All those giant political figures bloating like overripe plums, at the peak of the most absurd electoral campaign since Harding's, at a time of misery and humiliation in our crumbling culture, in the middle of a world situation that would be utterly laughable if it weren't so horrifying.

[*August 27-September 2, 1980*]

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DANIEL PIPES

(Continued from page 39)

Gulf myths and alerting the West of the tragic course on which it is currently embarked.

Kelly argues that the policies of Middle Eastern states towards the West are motivated by a deep hatred for Europe and by the hope that their new wealth and power will allow them to vanquish it. "The actions of the Arabs and the Persians before, during and since 1973, if placed in their historical, religious, racial and cultural setting, amount to nothing less than a bold attempt to lay the Christian West under tribute to the Muslim East." The use of oil as a weapon thus expresses "powerful sentiments of grievance and resentment against the Christian West [which have been] long cherished by the Arabs, who deem themselves a chosen people, the repository of the true faith, the race of the Prophet, ordained by Providence to receive the submission of others."

In contrast to this surge of Muslim confidence and aggression, the West has lost its nerve and sense of purpose. This decline began already decades ago: "the collapse of the European empires in Asia and Africa was due less to the might of the anti-colonialist forces than it was to the sapping of the European powers' will to rule." This "will to rule" collapsed completely by the time Britain withdrew from Aden in 1967 and the Trucial States in 1971—two little-known but significant events.

Aden and the Trucial States were both primitive regions which had long benefited from a light British protection that left local life virtually undisturbed. In each case it was outside forces that wanted the British to leave: in Aden, migrant laborers; in the Gulf, the Saudi, Iraqi, and Iranian governments. In dramatic contrast, the populace and leaders of these two regions *wanted the British to stay on*. Some indication of this can be gathered from the fact that the sultans of Aden who did not flee their homelands quickly enough after the 1967 withdrawal were murdered; and by the fact that when the British complained about the expense of keeping forces in the Gulf, several of the Trucial sheiks offered to reimburse Britain for its efforts—an utterly trivial sum in contrast to the value of the oil in the region.

Still, the British persisted in abandoning their commitments in the Gulf. As Kelly puts it, "It was . . . a betrayal of the trust placed in British steadfastness, a renunciation of an imperial power's recognized responsibilities to its subjects." In other words, "a betrayal of all (Britain) had done and stood for in the region for 150 years." This, despite Aden's incalculable value in controlling the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, and the Gulf's possession of the world's most precious raw materials.

Only loss of nerve can explain such blithe withdrawal. And like Britain a decade ago, the West today responds with indecision and appeasement to foes that are determined to impoverish, immobilize, and finally dominate us. Kelly decries the policies of the West for their amorality and harmfulness and blames all the "melancholy consequences" of the OPEC boom on

> the failure of the Western powers to back the oil companies to the hilt from the early months of 1970 onwards, to stop Qaddafi in his tracks in the summer of that year, to prick the bubble of the shah's insensate illusions about his own power and consequence, and to help the companies gain the upper hand of OPEC at Tehran at the outset of 1971. The companies lost the contest, not because their adversaries were stronger but because their own governments were indecisive and they themselves were enfeebled by their own disunity.

Although the West has already let much go—its control of Aden and the Gulf to local potentates, its wealth to the oil producers—enough still remains in its hands to save the situation. Our strategic position can be maintained by holding tightly onto Oman; the oil problem can be ended by smashing the cartel: "There is . . . only one way to cope with OPEC surpluses [of wealth], and this is to reduce them to marginal limits—if not to erase them completely—by breaking up the cartel and forcing down the price of oil. All other expedients designed to soak up the surpluses are bound to prove, as they are proving, unavailing."

The imperial age came to an end in the aftermath of World War II, followed by a generation of retraction and withdrawal. Kelly presents a startlingly new argument for the post-post-imperial age; Europeans and Americans can yet turn back the tide that threatens to overwhelm them. They need only to throw off their guilt and purposelessness and once again reassert themselves on the world scene. Should they decide to do so, no one can stop them. And such moves would benefit not only them but also the many peoples of the world ravaged by their own rulers.

Two other excellent features of this book deserve mention. First, the work contains in chapters three to six the finest account in print of the internal history of Arabia and the Gulf, bringing places like Oman and Kuwait to life. I myself, a historian of the Middle East, found the information on each page almost all new; finally I shall be able to keep straight the difference between Abu Dhabi and Dubai—for better or worse, ever-more-important knowledge.

Second, Kelly writes with a savage but incisive pen. Two examples, taken almost at random, may convey some sense of his splendid prose. Concerning the much-vaunted foreign aid given by OPEC states:

> To fend off the envious or the censorious among their fellow Arab governments (and those of the Afro-Asian world at large), they have made a great brouhaha about the sums they have donated as charity to needy lands or worthy causes; only to hurriedly amend their exaggerated estimates as they found the ragtag and bobtail of Asia and Africa beating a path to their doors, begging bowls outstretched.

Concerning radical Arab regimes:

> their *beau ideal* of government is not the gentle and noble vision attributed to them by credulous Westerners, of popularly elected legislatures graced by the grave and dignified figures of so many Oriental Ciceros, Scipios and Gracchi. On the contrary, their paragons of political virtue are the self-perpetuating oligarchies and politburos of the kind that rule in Baghdad, Tripoli and Aden, composed of men of flinty and vulpine visage, backed by the apparatus of the thumbscrew and the rack, and animated by a virulent mixture of Marxist bigotry and Muslim fanaticism.

Above all, however, at a time when the position of America and Europe in the Middle East has never looked bleaker, Kelly's book stands out for the unique and accurate information it provides about a most critical area of the world, and for the author's clarion plea to the West that it fundamentally reassess its relations with the oil-producing countries of the Middle East—before the opportunity to do so is irretrievably lost. ☐

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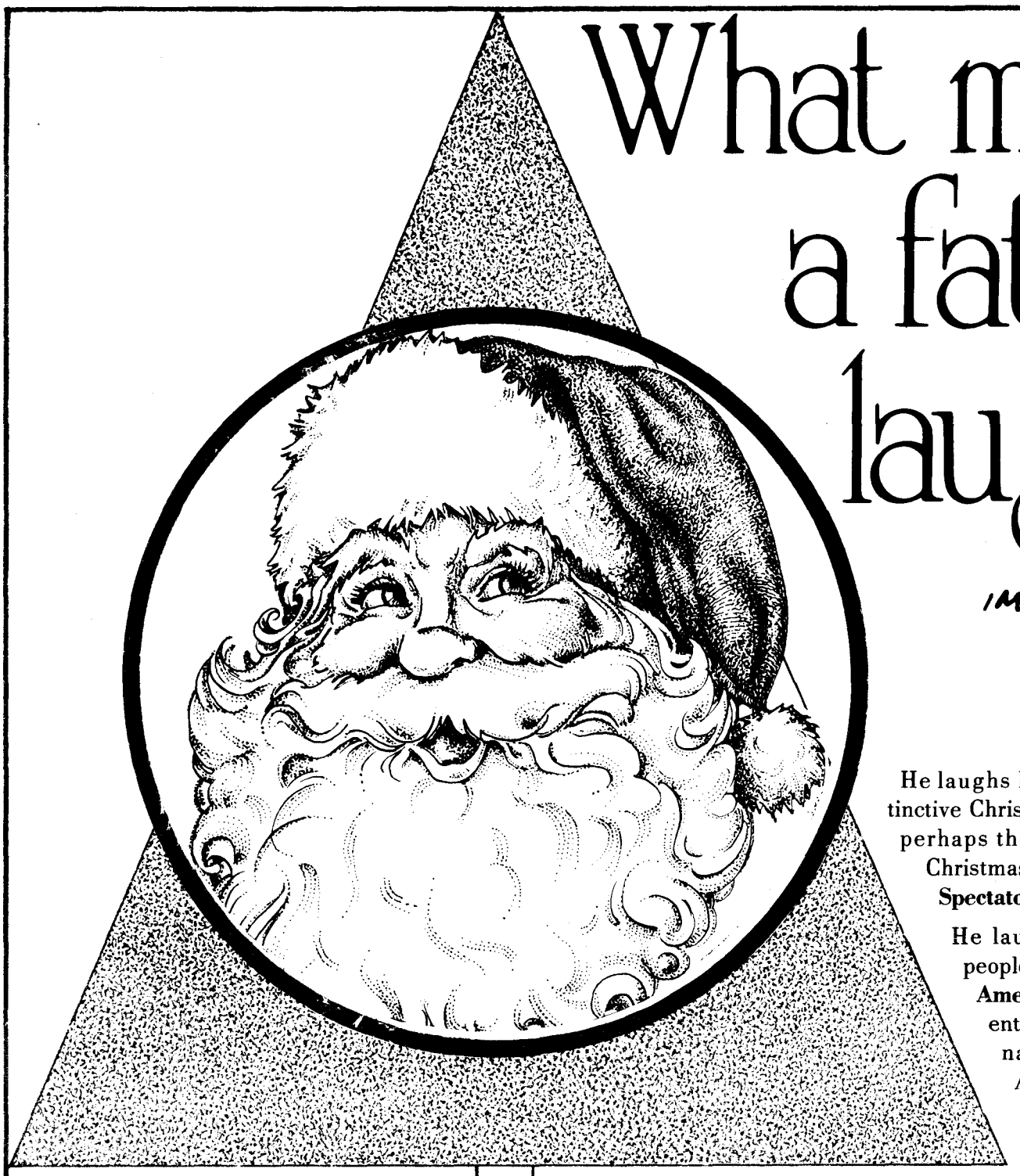

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